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THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST MR. GLADSTONE.

THE prospects of the election (which, before many hours are past will be some way towards decision) are good on the whole. That the majority of the unopposed elections have hitherto gone to the right side may be mainly chance; although it must be remembered that the great dead weight of unopposed Parnellites in Ireland is against the Union. There is more solid ground for satisfaction in the victory of the Conservative candidate at Colchester in the first actual polling—a victory by a nearly doubled majority—and the only cause for dissatisfaction is that seventeen hundred voters should have been found to support that union of “the man of words and the man of blood” which Mr. SWINBURNE has denounced so vigorously and so much to the annoyance of the Separatists. But the omens are not the less good. If the calculation which Mr. GLADSTONE has adopted so unhesitatingly from his Parnellite allies, and which makes it so extremely surprising that he did not announce his conversion to Home Rule before, instead of after, last November be accepted, the battle is, of course, over, and every loyal and patriotic Englishman must make up his mind for certain tribulation and probable civil war. The Irish gave the Conservatives forty seats, says Mr. GLADSTONE, and what Mr. GLADSTONE says must be true. Twice forty is eighty, and, assuming no other chances, Mr. GLADSTONE going out with a minority of thirty will come back with a majority of fifty. This easy arithmetic, however, is probably not accepted seriously by a single man outside the veriest SLENDERS and SIMPLES of Gladstonianism. The fight will be directed to much more complicated issues, and will progress by much more dubious and uncertain ways. On the one side is the entire weight of argument, the whole body (for the exceptions only prove the rule) of the intellect of two of the great political parties, and a great part of that of the third, together with an undoubted numerical majority of the people of England. On the other side is the convenient and comfortable enthusiasm which has pitched sense and knowledge to the winds and simply screams itself hoarse for a single man, a considerable, though rather crazy, party organization, great stores of money, and the blessed absence of the necessity for any appeal except to the passions and the folly of men. To put it more shortly, the Unionists have reason and strength, but, contradictorily enough, lack union; the Separatists are united in a community of know-nothingism.

On the whole, it may be repeated, the difficult task of keeping in temporary alliance Tories, Whigs, and Radicals has proceeded more successfully than could be anticipated. The allies have worked together admirably on the platform, and in this week as in others the task of selection of the best Unionist speeches among so many good would be difficult. Mutual throat-cutting by Unionist candidates has been avoided in all but a very few instances, and the chief danger that is to be feared is a certain lack of enthusiasm—of the merely foolish enthusiasm which is so foolish but so valuable—in Tories voting for a Liberal or Liberals voting for a Tory. There has also been a certain absence of intelligent combination in the attack on Gladstonian seats. The number of such seats unmenaced is no doubt far smaller than the number of unmenaced Unionist seats. But there ought not to be one, for it is positively certain that there is not a constituency in the kingdom where, if a strong Unionist candidate were chosen and loyally supported by all sections of the temporary party, he would not have at least a great

chance of winning. Every Ministerial candidate left unopposed is not only a chance thrown away, but a stigma on the party conduct. On the other hand, the management of the election, at least by the Conservative party, in some of the minor but important ways, which count for so much, especially in the country, is a distinct improvement on last November. Posters and cartoons are being very well worked, and there are some of the latter (representing quite faithfully the practices in Ireland of the advanced wing of the Gladstonian-Parnellite party) which ought to do a great deal of good. It is, of course, quite in accordance with these practices that the Gladstonians in England have enlisted Irish rowdies to disturb Unionist meetings and mob Unionist candidates. The result of the discussion as to Mr. LUELLEN's death shows beyond all question that Gladstonian rowdyism was an accelerating cause of it. On the other hand, if the Unionist party has thus lost a good candidate, the loss is almost more than made up from the Tory point of view by the defection of Mr. WILFRID BLUNT. Those who have always wondered what sin the Tory party had committed that the man who did his best to lose England Egypt, and nearly succeeded, should proclaim himself a member of it may now be comforted. Mr. BLUNT has been frank enough to say that he only joined the Conservatives because he was foolish enough to think that they would adopt Home Rule. The loss of Mr. BLUNT and that of Sir ROBERT PEEL are indeed gain.

It cannot, however, be too often repeated that even more whipping up will be required at this election, especially in the large towns, than at the last. In the country things are better; in the towns they are perhaps not quite so good. No very large communities are susceptible of frequently-repeated excitement, and, if that now half-forgotten dream of annual Parliaments should, like much other political lumber, be fished out of the lumber-room, the number of abstentions, not merely in the capital but in all the large towns, would be great and ever greater. It is but a short time since November, and, while the triumphant Conservatives are perhaps a little inclined to make too sure, the then discomfited Liberals may not be too anxious to secure to their quondam rivals that same victory which was recently their own defeat. “Compel them to come in”—of course by no means obnoxious to the Corrupt Practices Acts—should now be the motto. Allowing for Unionist Liberals, considerably more than two-thirds of the voting population of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and the other larger towns of the kingdom, except Birmingham, must now be ready to vote against Mr. GLADSTONE if they are properly led, while in Birmingham itself there should be a Unionist majority. The consensus of opinion is not so well shown in the provincial newspapers, because, while almost all the great London newspapers are entirely free from political influences of the direct kind, even the largest provincial journals are much subject to them. But, despite the exercise of this, many, if not most, of the chief provincial papers are Unionist, and in some of them the Unionist battle has been fought with great ability. In London there has been in this department no fight at all. But two newspapers of the slightest notoriety support Mr. GLADSTONE even nominally; but one supports him seriously and consistently; while of that one it is not too much to say that no such utter absence of power has for years marked the discussion of any subject in any widely-circulated organ as has marked the recent Home Rule leaders of the *Daily News*. Yet this consensus of qualified

opinion is, of itself, something of a danger; for it is the nature of man, and especially of British man, to take little interest in a contest where all the skill and all the strength are on one side. The fighting instinct is not aroused.

On the other hand, the Gladstonians have not been unwise in their generation. Acute students of human nature have connected the general popularity of GEORGE III. with the story about Gloucester Bridge and "Now, my boys, let's have a huzzay." Strictly speaking, Gladstonian argument, when it does not diverge into head-breaking, into ingenious or clumsy assertions of the thing that is not, or into talk about Mr. W. AGNEW's "happy home" (and most agreeable it is to be informed on high authority that Mr. AGNEW's home is happy, though for our part we never doubted it), reduces itself wholly to "Now, boys, let's have a huzzay." Mr. GLADSTONE's own hour-long speeches come to nothing else, though he does not exactly say "Now, boys, let's have a huzzay for me," and the speeches of all his followers, except Mr. MORLEY, come to nothing but "Now, boys, let's have a huzzay for Mr. GLADSTONE." That this should induce any one to hasten to the poll and put the huzzay into black and white may seem strange, but it is human nature. And it must be met by having recourse to other peculiarities of human nature, and by being, if less inflammatory, equally persistent. We do not wish Conservatives or Unionists to confine themselves to the singing of "He's a jolly good fellow," still less to imitate the conduct of the Gladstonian roughs. Yet meetings are good; and better still is elaborate, constant, unwearied canvassing. "Compel them to come in," and in London and the large towns all should be well, while the news from the districts which went worst last year in the country is equally favourable to success with the same proviso. And if success be not attained, there will indeed be some cause to despair of the republic. Never were such stakes placed before the electors of Great Britain. Liberty for the individual, and Empire for the general, are the real stake on the one side. On the other, there is nothing real but two things—the insatiable ambition and the endless duplicity of a single man; all the rest is sham Justice, sham Liberty, sham Conciliation, shams of all kinds that have ever been put forward to deceive the unwary and benefit the unprincipled.

CLASSES AND MASSES.

IN the latter part of the controversy which is now happily drawing to a close Mr. GLADSTONE has devoted as much energy to a secondary and incidental object as to the defence of his Irish policy. It may almost be doubted whether he is more earnestly bent on the disruption of the United Kingdom or on the disruption of political society in Great Britain. At Liverpool he dwelt with invidious pertinacity on the contrast which he has embodied in a verbal jingle between the classes and the masses, nor did he hesitate to ask in ironical scorn whether the classes are ever right when they differ from the multitude which he calls the nation. He affected, indeed, to confess that the mass of the people who cannot give their leisure to politics are not necessarily better judges than the men of leisure and instruction; but he immediately proceeded to deprive his admission of all value and meaning by a sweeping exception—"On one great class of questions, "when the leading and determining qualifications that ought to lead to a conclusion are truth, justice, and humanity, upon these, gentlemen, all the world over I will back the masses against the classes." Political issues which have no connexion with truth, justice, or humanity are thus within the competence of those who have studied their merits; but perhaps the classes will scarcely be proud of their superior insight into matters which must be trivial, insignificant, and useless. The pretended superiority of the most ignorant and most passionate portion of the community would be unaccountable if it were not founded on a false statement, which again is suggested by selfish ambition. Mr. GLADSTONE well knows that the crowds which he addresses have never attempted to form an independent judgment on the character or probable results of Home Rule. They implicitly follow the dictation of a popular orator, who repays their confidence with paradoxical and servile adulation. The assent of the masses which he sways resembles the harmonious call of the Kirk Session of Rose-nath, of which "the upshot was 'God save McCALLUM 'MORE and his chamberlain, the captain of Knock-

"dunder!" Mr. GLADSTONE aims almost without disguise at the despotism which was often exercised in old Greek cities by those successful demagogues who were the first to bear the name of "tyrant." They also stirred up the masses against the classes, well knowing that intellect, rank, and personal eminence offered the only impediments to their usurpation.

Some of the alleged instances by which Mr. GLADSTONE supports his general assertion are inaccurately stated, and some are irrelevant. It is not true that the resistance to Catholic emancipation was mainly offered by the classes, or that the measure was popular with the masses. CANNING, as one of the chief leaders of the Tories, and CASTLEREAGH, who was above all men hated by the Liberal masses of the day, were consistent supporters of the Catholic claims. Lord ELDON, on the other hand, appealed to the widespread prejudice against the Catholics, almost as unscrupulously as if he had studied the art of political controversy under Mr. GLADSTONE. It is absurd to pretend that the masses took any share in the gradual and moderate change of policy which was introduced by CANNING, nor was the Foreign Minister "more detested by the upper classes than any man" "has been during the present century." Lord LIVERPOOL, who, as Tory Prime Minister, might be supposed to represent the classes, was united to CANNING during the whole of their joint tenure of office by the closest political and personal intimacy. It assuredly never occurred to the Whig leaders, to Lord GREY or Lord LANSDOWNE, that their own policy was guided by the opinion of the masses. The Navigation Laws to which Mr. GLADSTONE refers were at no time unpopular, nor was their repeal due to the action of the masses, but to the scientific conclusions of economists and statesmen, all of whom belonged to the classes. It is, of course, true that many members of the classes opposed the Reform Bill, of which the principal object was to diminish their political influence; but the Whig aristocracy and a great body of their followers took the lead in promoting the Bill, which was passed by great majorities in a House of Commons elected under the ancient suffrage. It has been till lately thought a great advantage that the lines of social stratification and of political cleavage have never coincided in England. Mr. GLADSTONE is now devoting all his efforts to force the classes into antagonism to the masses, for the obvious purpose of strengthening his own personal influence. In accordance with his uniform practice, Mr. GLADSTONE points his criticism on the classes by an intelligible threat. He has discovered that when a profession is endowed it is always opposed to his policy, and his announcement that the Church, the dukes, and the squires are opposed to the Home Rule Bill contains an intelligible warning. The friends of the Establishment may well take note of the hint at disestablishment, and it is not impossible that Mr. GLADSTONE may regard the estates of dukes and squires as a larger endowment. The doctors and the less successful lawyers are, it seems, not equally heterodox. Mr. GLADSTONE forgets the men of letters, the men of science, the students of history, who, with scarcely an exception, condemn the latest and most dangerous adventure. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, Mr. FROUDE, and Mr. LECKY have no endowments which Mr. GLADSTONE can confiscate in revenge for their contemptuous censure of his proceedings. If he were to interfere with the modest salaries or pensions of Mr. HUXLEY and Mr. TYNDALL, the very masses would cry out against his injustice.

The landowners were more directly interested in the repeal of the Corn Laws than even in the Reform Bill, and those who, on the whole, regard them with a friendly feeling are not disposed to grovel before them like demagogues prostrating themselves to a mob. With the exception of a large and enlightened minority, the country gentlemen separated themselves from Sir ROBERT PEEL, believing probably that a measure which was bad for themselves was also on public grounds objectionable. In the present case the upper classes and the representatives of knowledge and cultivation have no selfish or special interest. The partial or total separation of Ireland from Great Britain can only affect them in common with the rest of the community; and it is absurd to pretend that their judgment is founded on a gratuitous disregard of truth, of justice, and of humanity. If it is suggested that they might be subject to an undue influence in the form of sympathy with the Irish landlords, the answer is that on that assumption they would have cordially supported the Land Bill. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE repeats again and again the assertion that the sands of the hour-glass began to run out when the Irish landlords and their friends failed to

evinced sufficient gratitude for his generous interposition in their favour. In the probable ruin of Irish industry and commerce, and in the impunity which will be accorded to crime, the so-called classes are neither more nor less interested than their neighbours. Civil war, rebellion, and resort to foreign interference will be troubles common to all. A statesman who reflected on the risk of such misfortunes and on means of averting it would seem to require an instructed judgment, and he would despise a rhetorical appeal to truth, to justice, and to humanity. The unconscious or half-conscious contempt of the demagogue for his dupes is exemplified in Mr. GLADSTONE's fulsome eulogies on the wisdom of the masses. Neither he nor his hearers can fail sometimes to remember that the gregarious enthusiasm of the masses was non-existent or was applied to other objects only six months ago. It was not till Mr. GLADSTONE began his series of mischievous declamations that excitement attained formidable dimensions. It is at least certain that during the fifteen years of Mr. GLADSTONE's imaginary meditations on Home Rule the masses had never associated the Fenians, the Land League, or the National League with truth, or justice, or humanity.

There may perhaps be somewhere a fable which records the confusion of an echoed sound with original revelation. Any other interpreter who should encourage the superstitious fancy might be suspected of deliberate intention to deceive; but Mr. GLADSTONE believes all, or almost all, of the innumerable delusions which it is his pleasure to propagate, and he may possibly fancy that his strange misstatements of fact are in some sense accurate. The growing frequency of his appeals to the infallible judgment of the many may perhaps indicate his almost sincere acceptance of his own opinions in a revised version. They appear to rest on independent authority when they return to him in the form of applause. The circle within which he reasons has a small diameter. He admires the doctrines which he has taught because they approve themselves to the popular judgment, which, again, he holds to be sacred because it coincides with his own. A similar but more harmless instance of the same fallacy occurred in the well-known case of a late philosopher, who regarded his wife as a woman of almost superhuman wisdom. Their friends knew the lady was by no means remarkable for ability, but they recognized the tact with which she constantly propounded as her own the original convictions of her husband. Mr. GLADSTONE's mobs discharge the same function on a larger scale. The innocent vanity of the thoughtful recluse assumes a dangerous form when it affects the policy of a nation. If Mr. GLADSTONE's political career is prolonged, his countrymen will in vain endeavour to guess what revolutionary scheme may be ripening in his mind, when he may perhaps have given no public intimation of his policy. No human being had noticed the reticence which he supposes himself to have maintained on the subject of Home Rule during fifteen years. In five following years he may perhaps silently resolve on the disestablishment of the Church, on the abolition of the House of Lords, and possibly on the overthrow of the monarchy. Whatever he may determine will be sanctioned, as in the present instance, by the masses, and he will bow to the authority which he will have created and trained to his purpose. Mr. ARCH and Mr. LEICESTER, in rude imitation of the style of their master, lately declared that the Home Rule Bill must be passed because it was supported by themselves and other horny-handed sons of toil whose voice was, as they had somewhere heard, the voice of God. The divine oracle is at present controlled by a patron who, if Lord WOLVERTON and other enthusiasts will tolerate the disparaging criticism, is not yet absolutely superhuman. As the priestess at Delphi Philippiad during the decay of Grecian freedom, the inspired masses habitually Gladstonize.

BURMAH.

THE reports of the most recent fighting in Burmah are contradictory, and in some cases obviously inaccurate. There would seem to have been a confusion in the mind of more than one Correspondent between Colonel GORDON's fight with BOSWEH and the repulse of Captain HAILES's little force near Tummoo. One telegram credited the column under command of this officer with the possession of two batteries of artillery. It would have been serious indeed if a British force large enough to require twelve guns had been beaten off by 1,500 Burmans from the strongest stockade ever constructed. Things could not, however, have been

as bad as that. Bodies of troops three or four thousand strong, which would be about the proportion of men of all arms to twelve guns, are not left under the command of officers of the rank of captain. The report of the *Times*' Correspondent that Captain HAILES had with him two mountain guns is obviously the correct version, for his whole detachment does not seem to have consisted of more than a couple of hundred men. These actions and Captain WILBRAHAM's apparently unsuccessful skirmish with the following of one of the pretenders are clearly enough small affairs in themselves, and are of a kind familiar enough in the history of Indian warfare. They are incidents in the process of pacification which have often before dragged on for years after the annexation of a native territory.

It is not the scale of these actions but their number which makes the gravity of the reports from Burmah. However small they may be in themselves, there are far too many of them. The COMMISSIONER, who has shown himself strangely confident on several occasions, is said to have reported, after an inspection of part of Upper Burmah, that the country is settling down into quiet. According to the very accurate *Times*' Correspondent, his opinion has been heard with great surprise at Rangoon. People who are in a position to get their evidence at first-hand do not think that it justifies the Commissioner's confidence. We can very well believe it, for the information supplied by the newspapers during the last few months makes it very hard for observers in this country to understand how he has arrived at this conclusion. Ever since Upper Burmah was overrun in a fortnight or so by General PRENDERGAST, fighting with Dacoits has been continuous. There is nothing to show that it is less common, and a good deal to prove that it is more serious than it was in the first three months of the occupation. It does not follow that our rule is attacked by a really formidable force, still less that it is in any sort of danger; but certainly the continuance of fighting is no sign that the pacification of the country is progressing. Neither with the best will in the world not to overrate the gravity of the situation, and with no inclination whatever to count every repulse at a stockade as a disaster, can we help seeing that the fighting is becoming more serious. Colonel GORDON's success in driving BOSWEH out of his stockade was gained at the expense of a heavier loss of life than has as yet been suffered in the course of the annexation. His small column is reported to have lost more men than all General PRENDERGAST's army during the march from Minhla to Bhamo. After the loss of his stockade, BOSWEH fell back to another position, which he still holds, and was at once prepared to fight again. A leader who can give battle within a few days after a defeat has not been very badly beaten. In the action at Tummoo the Sepoys would not advance against the Burmese stockade when the white officers were disabled. The result of both actions is disagreeably significant. It is unpleasant, though not very surprising, to find that the Sepoy, however well drilled, is not a match for the Burman without great stimulating on the part of his officers. The native regiments have always, it is true, been dependent for most of their military value on their English officers; but now, when the European staff of the Sepoy battalions has been very greatly reduced, this is, as competent critics have been pointing out for years, likely to prove a great danger. If in a future action the majority of white officers in any Sepoy force were killed or disabled, and, as they must expose themselves, the thing is very likely to happen, the immediate result might be a panic and a disaster of some magnitude. No position of any strength ought to be attacked by a force which has not a good backbone of European troops. The necessity of looking closely to the quality of our field columns is enforced by the result of Colonel GORDON's action. Ever since the Dacoity began in Upper Burmah the real nature of the danger before us has been insisted on in this *Review*. We have no reason to fear that any Burman chief will be able to retake the towns from us or defeat a considerable force. What was foreseen, however, was that the Dacoits might have time given them to attain to some sort of military organization, and might find a capable leader. If this happened we should have what would really be another and a very serious war on our hands. It cannot be said that this danger looks less serious than it did six months ago. BOSWEH's men must be well in hand, and he himself must have a fair share of parts and courage. A chance bullet or an exceptionally severe defeat may dispose of him tomorrow, but they may not, and the most obvious way

of preventing him from growing any bigger is to set an adequate force to work and break his following up at once. Some English critics have shown a tendency to rate the difficulties of the situation in Burmah very low. It has been said that troubles of this kind have followed every annexation in the East, and that they only seem more serious because more is heard of them than ever found its way home in days when there were no telegraphs and few Special Correspondents. There is an element of truth in this, no doubt. It is also true that our grandfathers, who knew not the words "zymotic disease," got along very comfortably with drains which would now be thought baddish in Whitechapel. This, however, is no reason that we know of for putting up with bad drains. Neither are the experience of the past and the certainty that events would be reported from day to day in the *Times* any excuses for neglecting dangers in Burmah. The Commissioner and his military colleagues must have known from their own experience and that of their predecessors in India what a nuisance Dacoity can become if it is not cut down at once. Their knowledge ought, one would think, to have impressed on them the necessity of acting with vigour at once, and not merely have caused them to accept a costly little war as one of the inevitable evils of Indian government. The rapidity with which reports are sent home ought also to have made them realize the danger of allowing the occupation of Burmah to be kept too long before public notice.

After months of experience, and when it is found that no appreciable progress is being made in the work of pacification, it is impossible not to attribute the failure to some fault on the part of the authorities entrusted with the work. Whether the source of failure is personal, or lies in machinery provided for the administration of our new possession, we shall not undertake to decide. Probably enough, the jealousy between the civil and military branches of the Government, which has been the fruitful mother of a vast swarm of Indian quarrels (probably the most rancorous and persistent in the world), may have something to do with it. The work to be done is essentially military, and a Civil Commissioner with no especial knowledge of the fighting part of the Indian Government has been sent to superintend it. To any one who knows something of our Indian history the position is insignificant. Whether it is owing to this cause, or another which need hardly be specified, there has undoubtedly been weakness and confusion in the conduct of affairs in Upper Burmah since the first and easiest stage of the occupation has been got over. There has been no disaster, and it is not yet too late to prevent existing trouble from growing greater, though the task of putting an end to it is more difficult than it was six months ago; but enough has happened, or been allowed to happen, to make it the duty of the Indian Government to reconsider the measures and appointments it made to provide for the administration of the country. In times when a difficulty anywhere is believed by a large number of persons to be an adequate reason for giving up the game, the representatives of Great Britain in the East are bound to do their utmost to provide thoughtful persons with the least possible excuse for falling back on their favourite resource of scuttle.

GOLFING WIT AND WISDOM.

WE have no idea as to the character of Mr. HUTCHINSON'S politics; but, whatever they are, he should certainly represent the St. Andrews Burghs in Parliament. He is, we believe, the foremost of amateur golf-players. A professional golf-player, by the way, has been defined as "a man who does not wear gloves, and who spits 'on his hands.'" Mr. HUTCHINSON is also the best writer on golf with whose works we have the privilege to be acquainted. His *Hints on the Game of Golf* (BLACKWOOD & Sons) is a model of what a work of that kind should be. It is all to the point and full of points. The elder DUMAS said that a play should have its first act clear, its last act short, and *de l'esprit partout*. Mr. HUTCHINSON'S maxims on golf are clear, short, and *esprit* is everywhere abundant, whence it may be doubted by some whether this player of a Scotch game is a Scotchman. Generally the witticisms of golfers (except a brilliant article in the *Cornhill* many years ago) have been examples of "joking wif' deeficulty." Mr. HUTCHINSON does not professionally joke at all, but he

sees golf steadily, and sees it whole, and is, in short, a kind of golfing ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Golf is very like life, whether one plays a single or is wedded in a foursome. "If you lose your temper you 'will most likely lose the match,'" says our author, and his statement has the widest application to every one but Mr. GLADSTONE. He can afford to lose his temper—nay, he has few finer strokes in his game. But at golf it is different. One would like to see Mr. GLADSTONE in a bunker, say "Hell," or "Walkinshaw's Grave," or "the Principal's 'Nose.'" The sand would fly above his head in airy whirls, as if a young cyclone were busy in the bunker. "It is 'better,' our moralist goes on, 'to hit with the iron than 'to miss with the spoon.'" What a lesson for men of letters! How often do they labour with the subtle and supple "spoon" of style, when a good hard knock with the universally intelligible "iron" is far more convincing! Mr. HUTCHINSON'S remark is especially intended to be recalled by the golfer "when lying heavy." The politician may remember that it is better in the same circumstances to "stick to it" than to equivocate. Here is a capital study in little of Scotch character. Long ago it was observed, by a very young writer, that in the St. Andrews caddie or club carrier—who estimates men by their golf alone—"contempt seems to have reversed the usual process, and 'bred familiarity.'" So Mr. HUTCHINSON appears to have found it, to judge by the following maxim:—

XIX.

Though the henchman who carries your clubs may be a most able adviser, you will seldom, as a beginner, derive much encouragement from his criticism. If he should happen to remark, "Ye learnt your game from Mr. So-and-so, I'm thinking?"—naming the celebrated player from whom as a matter of fact you did receive your first instructions—you must not conclude too hastily, and in misconception of the Scottish idiom, that this comment is an inference from what he has observed of your play. If you should unwarily reply with too great eagerness in the affirmative, the remark which has been known to follow, "Eh! ye've verra little o' his style about ye," will quite suffice to show you your mistake.

Again, here is a little piece of advice which can be of little use, perhaps, to the moralist who contemplates life as a whole, but which is invaluable to the golfer:—

XXXI.

If you find yourself being outplayed by the excellent iron approaches of your adversary, it is sometimes a good plan to say to him, in a tone of friendly interest, "Really you are playing your iron wonderfully well to-day—better than I ever saw you play it before. Can you account for it in any way?" This is likely to promote a slight nervousness when he next takes his iron in his hand; and this nervousness is likely, if the match is at all a close one, to be of considerable service to you. There is no rule to prevent your doing this; only after a time people will cease playing with you.

Unluckily in real life, and above all in political life, there is hardly a thing you can do which will make people "cease playing with you." If Lord HARTINGTON and Sir HENRY JAMES will not play with the PREMIER, Mr. PARNELL has no such scruples, and Mr. DAVITT will take a hand in almost any game. Golf, in fact, is far too good a game—though it has its hazards and bunkers and bores—to be a real education for life. But how much would life be improved if men would impart into it the principles of golf—the tolerance for a partner's failings, for an opponent's failings, for everything but the predatory instinct which leads the embryo caddies looting at the first hole to bury your ball in the sands of the burn, and then hold you to ransom for the price. Mr. HUTCHINSON'S book is not all of a moral character; the greater portion of it is devoted to instruction in swing and style, and it should be carried in the pocket of every one who aspires to be a golfer.

SOMETHING NEW.

WHILE Lord HARTINGTON was lately addressing a meeting at Glasgow a Liberal intruder politely called out "Give us something new!" The speaker readily confessed that at the present stage of the controversy he could scarcely say anything which had not been said before. Lord HARTINGTON has never professed to command the resources of sophistical or rhetorical ingenuity, nor has he cultivated the art of splitting hairs till the result appears to be original, because in its new form it cannot be recognized. Nevertheless, Lord HARTINGTON'S speeches are so far new that he often gives utterance to opinions which some of his followers are too apt to suppress from a want, not of sagacity, but of courage. At Glasgow, though he avowed his continued dissent from some of the doctrines of the Conservative party, Lord HARTINGTON insisted on the debt of honour which

the Liberal Unionists owe to their Conservative allies. It was not, he said, sufficient that Liberals who are unable to support Mr. GLADSTONE should abstain from opposing a Conservative candidate; on the contrary, they were bound to repay the services which have been rendered to themselves in almost all constituencies where the seat of a Liberal Unionist has been endangered in consequence of his rejection of Home Rule. On another occasion he defended the late Government against the hackneyed accusation of having announced a retrograde policy on the eve of their expulsion from office. They had, as he explained, only declared their intention of suppressing the National League, and Lord HARTINGTON was not convinced that measures taken for that purpose might not have been just and necessary.

A speech delivered by Mr. GLADSTONE on the same day at Manchester contained one novelty, if that description may be applied to the revival of a policy which had become in a few weeks apparently obsolete. The inquiries which have been made from many quarters as to the position and prospects of the Irish Land Bill seemed to require at least an ostensible answer. Lord SPENCER has on several occasions declared that the measure could not be abandoned without dishonour, and Mr. MORLEY has recently repeated his declaration that he would not leave the question of the land to be settled by an Irish Parliament. Mr. CHILDERS, to the general surprise, assured his late constituents at Edinburgh that he would never vote for an advance of 50,000,000*l.* or 100,000,000*l.* for the purpose of Irish land. He forgot to explain why he had been a party to the Bill introduced by the Cabinet. It might have been embarrassing to admit that he never believed the PRIME MINISTER to be in earnest. When Mr. GLADSTONE himself, after the first reading of the Bill, warned the landlords that the sands of the hour-glass were running out, careful students of his style interpreted his words to mean that the Land Bill was to be abandoned. It might seem that either Lord SPENCER and Mr. MORLEY ought to have resigned, or that Mr. CHILDERS should be publicly disavowed by his chief; but perhaps it is unreasonable to expect consistency or political loyalty from the members of the present Cabinet. It was generally believed that among the discordant voices Mr. CHILDERS most accurately represented the intentions of the PRIME MINISTER. A natural curiosity was felt by the Manchester audience when Mr. GLADSTONE unexpectedly intimated his intention of removing all doubt about the probable fate of the Land Bill. Before he entered on his statement, he requested his hearers to preserve silence, and to give their closest attention to his candid explanation.

A professional conjurer often practises a similar device in preparation for an exceptionally difficult trick. "Observe," he says, "the close-fitting dress in which I leap or dance without burden or impediment, and satisfy yourselves that there is no deception." The admiring spectators look in the direction in which there is nothing to see; and the skilful artist, who only needed to divert their attention for a moment, pulls out perhaps a live bird or a bowl of water full of gold fish from the folds of the unpretending garment in which they had seen that nothing was concealed. The prestidigitator of Mid Lothian has studied more profoundly than any rival performer the art of playing on the carelessness of his dupes. Mr. GLADSTONE well knows that his promise of revelation would be accepted as a performance, and that not half a dozen among the thousands present would discover at the moment that their ignorance of the orator's intentions had been only aggravated by the authorized interpretation. Trusting to the facile oblivion of a crowd, Mr. GLADSTONE, before he spoke of his own Land Bill, entered on a calculated digression into a measure which he attributed to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The docile audience followed the lead, without remembering that the question was not what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said or thought, but what Mr. GLADSTONE intended. For the purpose of evading his undertaking to announce his policy, he thought fit to make a statement which apparently borders on a disregard of official and personal confidence. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, whose statement has been since corrected by the only other person concerned, the heads of a Land Bill had been prepared by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in February last for the consideration of the Cabinet. The fact appears to have been that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at the express request of Mr. GLADSTONE, and for his information, drew up a statement of his general views on the question of Land Purchase. Mr. GLADSTONE afterwards asked and obtained Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's authority to lay the paper before the Cabinet, but either he abstained from using the author's permission or the Cabinet

declined to consider the scheme. The material point is "that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's suggestions had little or nothing in common with the scheme which was afterwards propounded by the Government." More especially, it contained no proposal for the establishment of an Irish Parliament. That a confidential communication by a colleague to the PRIME MINISTER should be used by him against a member of the Cabinet, who had been invited to state his opinion, is a discreditable innovation; but when arguments have to be found for a revolutionary measure, it is perhaps to be expected that official propriety and Ministerial good faith should be summarily disregarded.

By the time when Mr. GLADSTONE had completed his elaborate misstatement as to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, his hearers might be supposed to have wholly or partially forgotten his promise to give them authentic information as to the prospects of the Land Bill. It was at a later time that Mr. PARNELL positively declared at Plymouth that the Land Bill was gone, and that it would never be heard of again. Having but lately been admitted to Mr. GLADSTONE's political intimacy, Mr. PARNELL had perhaps not fully understood the circuitous process by which his new ally habitually arrives at a foregone conclusion. The two partners in disruption are equally bent on depriving the Irish landlords of their rights; but it is only Mr. GLADSTONE who has resolved to revive their expectations before his unhappy victims are fairly disappointed. As if for the purpose of discharging his self-imposed obligation to reveal his future policy, Mr. GLADSTONE proceeded to repeat the declaration which he originally made in the House of Commons that the Government of Ireland Bill and the Land Bill would be treated as a single measure. He added, as on the former occasion, that there would have been only one Bill, except for the inconvenient bulk of an entire scheme. The Manchester Separatists were by this time probably persuaded that Mr. GLADSTONE had, after much vacillation, reverted to the convictions which have been expressed by himself at an earlier date, or by Lord SPENCER and Mr. MORLEY down to the present time. If they fell into the error of supposing that any of Mr. GLADSTONE's words could be capable of a simple interpretation, they were at last deceived. He had stated that the clauses of both Bills would be discussed together, but he had forgotten to explain that only one of the Bills was intended to pass. The Land Bill might perhaps, as he significantly intimated, be liable to disapproval by the friends of Home Rule. That eminent friend of Home Rule, Mr. PARNELL, has since blurted out the announcement that the Land Bill is to be abandoned. Mr. GLADSTONE characteristically wraps up the same purpose in the expression of a doubt whether better methods can be devised, "or, if it can be shown that there is no case of honour, or duty, or policy for persevering in such a plan." In short, he has directly or virtually entered into a compact with Mr. PARNELL to violate the solemn engagements which he had deliberately made. It is a matter of conjecture whether Mr. CHILDERS has been favoured by his chief with private information, or has cleverly anticipated the tortuous course which will evidently be followed.

The Government was, by its own admission, satisfied that considerations of honour, duty, and policy required that the Land Bill should be an inseparable condition of Home Rule. It would seem that the question is to be remitted to the future House of Commons, which, on the assumption that the Irish Government Bill is accepted, will contain a majority of Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters. Such an Assembly will concur in any proposition which the dictator may enunciate as to honour, or duty, or policy; and it is sufficiently clear that he has determined to abandon the defence of the Irish landlords. The excuse that they have not received with gratitude an offer which was never made was invented by Mr. GLADSTONE soon after the first reading of the Bills; and it is now reproduced by Mr. PARNELL. The purchase money was first estimated at a hundred and thirteen millions, and it was immediately afterwards reduced to fifty millions in the hope of reclaiming Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The principle of a large advance for the purchase of the landlords' rights was probably admitted in this first instance for the satisfaction of Lord SPENCER and Mr. MORLEY; and Mr. GLADSTONE probably entertained a vague hope that something might happen which would serve as an excuse for the withdrawal of the scheme. In these complicated operations Mr. GLADSTONE has scarcely satisfied the demand of Lord HARTINGTON's constituent that he should produce something new. The courteous suggestion to the people of Burnley that "our old friend PETER has gone to the bad"

is a daring attempt to assume familiarity with the vernacular form of controversy which he might with equal elegance describe as "chaff." Mr. GLADSTONE is scarcely qualified to shine as a low comedian.

A PALACE FOR THE PEOPLE.

IN all the turmoil and torment of the present political crisis there has yet been time to think of pleasanter things. At a moment when every effort is being made to set class against class, it is good to turn to last Monday's doings at the East End. Seldom has a warmer welcome been given to the PRINCE and PRINCESS than that they received from the thousands assembled in the Whitechapel and Mile End Roads. The East-enders were radiant, and with good reason; for last Monday saw the actual beginning of a scheme which had seemed too excellent to be realized. Mr. WALTER BESANT described with a prophetic pen what such a "Palace of Delight" should be; few people thought it anything more than a most attractive but impossible idea. But the energy and perseverance of the BEAUMONT Trustees have carried the day. Starting with only 12,000*l.* in hand—the sum left by the late Mr. BEAUMONT for the provision of technical education and recreation in East London—they have not rested till they have got together more than 70,000*l.*, with which they are going to create what will prove a "Palace of Delight" amongst a large population whose delights have up to now been practically nil. Every one's tastes are provided for in the programme laid down by the Trustees. Any one who knows the East End knows how great is the longing for fresh air amongst the factory hands, male and female, after their day's work is done. Open spaces are rare in the Far East, and such a garden as that to be laid out in front of the People's Palace will be a great matter. It is to face south, and to be capable of accommodating 5,000 persons, who can rest there in peace, enjoying the sunshine and fresh air, and listening to the bands which are to be provided. The "Queen's Hall," of which the PRINCE OF WALES laid the entrance stone on Monday, is to be a winter garden, and will comfortably hold between three thousand and four thousand people. There, and in the adjoining concert hall, music and dramatic entertainments will be given. The Reading Rooms and Library are to be on the lines of those at the British Museum, and an art school is at some future time to be added; but the funds for it have not yet been collected. And if the mind is thus provided for, the body has not been forgotten. Swimming-baths for both sexes are to be built; gymnasia and rooms for indoor games will be pleasing novelties to those young creatures whom one sees pouring out of factories and schools, full of youth and life, and with nothing on which to expend their superfluous vitality. Cricket, football, and other athletic clubs are to be formed, and to have their headquarters at the People's Palace. But perhaps the most useful part of this great scheme will be the technical schools. These schools will take the form of ranges of workshops furnished with every necessary for trades of every description. The teachers will be practical artisans, and under their tuition lads can become skilled hands and command the wages of skilled hands, without the painful and lengthy drudgery which is otherwise the rule when their only teacher is slow experience. One most estimable feature about the whole plan is that nothing is compulsory. In this great East End club—for that is what it practically will be—everything is to be voluntary. No one need join any class or lecture unless he feels so inclined, and the tired artisan may come into the Palace garden with his wife and children and rest there without fear of any one bearing down upon him "to improve the occasion." "Reason tempered with music" PLATO held to be the only guardian angel of virtue, meaning by music literature, art, science, and everything that raises and ennobles the mind of man; and it is by bringing such things into the reach of the very poorest that the work of civilization is best carried on. The late Mr. VANDERBILT once said that the greatest use of a great fortune was the power it gave its owner of "doing big things." The fortune amassed by the Trustees cannot yet be called colossal, but they certainly are enabled by it to set about doing one of the "biggest things," in its ultimate completeness, that the civilized world has yet seen.

TORPEDOES

THE torpedo is undoubtedly a "question of the day," and is therefore well entitled to a place in a series of pamphlets devoted to the said questions of the day. A series of the kind appears in America, and Lieutenant JAKES, of the U.S. Navy, has contributed a study of "Torpedoes for National Defence" to it. His pamphlet falls somewhat short of being all it claims to be on its title-page. "A concise and practical review of these weapons" would have to include a good deal. Lieutenant JAKES has not found space to speak of. Perhaps it is not the less readable, or even useful, on that account. When the end is reached, one feels a little doubtful whether the treatise was meant to be a review of torpedoes in general or of one torpedo in particular. It would be no new thing if that was its object; but, whether or no, it contains a good deal of incidental information. Lieutenant JAKES quotes authorities of all kinds on the torpedo. He cites M. G. CHARMES's praise of the weapon at large, and then the verdicts of committees of experts appointed by the United States Government. The latter judges are not enthusiastic at all. On the contrary, their verdict generally amounts to saying that, though the torpedo will doubtless become perfect some day, it is very far from perfection at present. The warmest commendation given to any one of them is contained in the statement that the Whitehead is a commercial success, which is for the rest thoroughly well-deserved praise.

The practical result of Lieutenant JAKES's pamphlet is to leave on the mind of the impartial outsider an impression that all torpedoes except one are as near as may be useless, and that the exception has never been tried. First he disposes of the sunk mine by showing that, unless it is protected by boats and fortifications on the coast, it must always be liable to be cut adrift, or exploded out of its time. But the great object of fixed mines and sunk torpedoes is just to make good the want of coast fortifications, and enable harbours to protect themselves in the absence of cruisers. If they do not do that, what purpose do they serve? A fixed torpedo which must be protected by special fortifications is about the poorest form of protection ever invented by man. The self-acting torpedo does not come much better out of this officer's examination. He shows that the Sims, which remains attached to the ship, and is fired by an electric apparatus, is more likely to be dangerous to its friends than its enemies. The Whitehead is a "commercial success," of course, and indeed very nearly has the field to itself at present; but Lieutenant JAKES has his doubts about it also, and if his facts are not much less correct than we take them to be, his want of faith will be shared by a good many others. "I have reason to believe," he tells us, "that if a speed of 21 knots is obtained, and any portion of a target 300 feet long is hit at a range of more than 200 yards, the practice is accepted as good." Frequently many shots have to be fired "before even these results are obtained." The italics are ours. Now a weapon of war which is thought to have done well when it hits a target 300 feet long at 200 yards range may be a beautiful piece of mechanism, but if we had to be shot at we should prefer it to a brown bess. Then, too, the Whitehead has other weaknesses. It cannot direct itself, but just goes bungling along, and can be turned aside by anything bigger than a lock of hair. You cannot aim with it from the broadside, and when it is fired ahead the currents in the water turn it aside. Finally, it sends up air-bubbles which betray its course. Seeing that it has all these defects, Lieutenant JAKES inclines to think that the Whitehead torpedo will never be worth its money, and on the whole we incline to his opinion. There is, however, another weapon of the same kind which is not open to these objections. It is cunningly devised to work with wheels so ingeniously placed that it cannot go wrong, for no sooner has something turned it from its course than one of its wheels sets it right again. This torpedo—it is called the Howell, and was invented by an American naval officer—is cheap, carries a larger charge of dynamite in proportion to its size than any other, sends up no bubbles, and attains a great speed. It has all the qualities of the Whitehead and none of its defects. It is the weapon of the future, and there is only one thing against it. Up to the present it has been rather a failure. Three only have been made for experimental purposes. Of these, two got lost, and the third worked indifferently. This is a matter of small importance. The machinery of the thing is vastly

ingenious and complicated and well balanced. It can be shown on paper to be capable of meeting all difficulties, and of course it will. Machinery which looks well on paper always does work satisfactorily.

THE PARNELLITE MARE'S NEST.

MR. PARNELL is one of the many persons now fighting for the Repeal of the Union who have little cause to be grateful to Mr. GLADSTONE for his method of conducting the campaign. We see no reason to believe that the leader of the Irish party, if left to himself, would have cared to prolong the controversy concerning his famous interview with Lord CARNARVON. Lord CARNARVON had given his account of it; Mr. PARNELL had given his; and impartial criticism found no difficulty either in effecting a substantial reconciliation between the two, or in deciding that the late Viceroy's share in the business was by no means open to the construction which Mr. PARNELL, no doubt honestly misled by his own hopes, had placed upon it. And here, probably, he would have been quite willing to let the subject drop. Had it not been for Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, we strongly suspect that no more would have been heard of it. Mr. PARNELL, however, had perhaps not fully realized the plight of argumentative desperation to which his leader—or follower—has been reduced. The PRIME MINISTER cannot talk to his audiences about the late Separation Bill, because it is his cue to represent it as dead. On the other hand, he cannot talk at large about the "principle of Irish autonomy," because it leads directly back to the provisions of his Bills or it leads nowhere. It is very dangerous to approach any side of the subject which may abut on the question of land purchase, and of course even the most fluent dealer in sham moralities cannot be always enlarging on that law of love which Mr. GLADSTONE's cruelly destructive career as a statesman so signally illustrates. Obviously, therefore, the industrious manipulation of the red herring was the only expedient left to him when his election campaign began. Some dodge had to be invented for diverting the attention of the electors from the true issue, and accordingly Mr. GLADSTONE caught eagerly at the CARNARVON-PARNELL incident, and worked away at the pretended "revelations" as if there were really no difference between a mine and a mare's nest. Willingly or unwillingly, Mr. PARNELL was bound, as a loyal ally, to take the hint thus given him. More revelations were wanted, and more therefore had to be provided; so Mr. PARNELL, having in his first disclosures exhausted his very slender stock of facts, proceeded to try how far he might venture to supplement them by inference and innuendo.

Unfortunately, however, his very first step in this direction brought him into most awkward collision with dates. It had struck him that it would be a telling thing to represent the late Conservative Government as having given him an earnest of their alleged intentions in the matter of a Repeal of the Union by promptly making him some minor concessions. He stated accordingly that one consequence of his interview with Lord CARNARVON was his obtaining the promise of five millions sterling towards the redemption of Irish land, the Ministerial Land Purchase Bill having been at his instance pressed forward and passed into law during the short remainder of the Session. We wish to give Mr. PARNELL all possible fair play, and we will not, therefore, endeavour to fix him to the obvious construction of the words in which he described the Parliamentary history of this measure subsequently to his interview with Lord CARNARVON. But we doubt whether one in a thousand readers of his statement understood him to mean anything else than that the Land Purchase Bill was pushed through the House of Lords, in which it was originally introduced by the Conservative Government at the special instance of the then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. When, therefore, it was pointed out by Lord SALISBURY that the Bill had passed its last stage in the Lords a full week before the interview between Lord CARNARVON and Mr. PARNELL took place, and that the Government was already pledged up to the hilt to proceed with it and to endeavour to procure its enactment, we can hardly be surprised that such English faith in Mr. PARNELL's accuracy as existed was considerably shaken. When the only one of several assertions which is susceptible of direct proof or disproof can be demolished so speedily as this, the credit of its companion allegations not capable of being so decisively tested might have been expected to suffer. The English public in general

were, in short, more than ever disposed to accept Lord SALISBURY's clear and categorical denial—as great a contrast to one of Mr. GLADSTONE's as can be imagined—of all Mr. PARNELL's assertions as "a string of baseless fabrications." By this time probably there are but a very few Radicals, and those of the baser sort, who doubt that it is "false that Mr. PARNELL had reason to believe that if the Conservatives got into power after the general election they would give him a statutory Legislature," or that any one "belonging to or connected with the Government gave him any intimation of the kind"; false that Lord SALISBURY was "only too anxious to be convinced in favour of a Legislature for Ireland," or ever "showed the slightest leaning towards such an opinion"; false that Lord CARNARVON "urged such concession on the Cabinet," and that "it was not refused" by them until the polls went against them; false that Lord CARNARVON "urged his views in favour of a statutory Legislature on the Cabinet for six months," and was not "opposed to any extent"; and false, lastly, that after the result of the poll was known the Cabinet, which never had had the slightest inclination towards the project for a statutory Legislature, "swerved round in opposition to it."

Mr. PARNELL having been thus refuted where demonstrative refutation was possible, and having had every one of his conjectural allegations distinctly traversed, would undoubtedly have done well to retire gracefully from the controversy. But, having been promoted under Mr. GLADSTONE's patronage from the Irish to the English stump, he seems to have felt it incumbent upon him not to throw up his brief for the PRIME MINISTER on the strictly personal question which that desperate litigant has raised in the hope of confusing the jury. Accordingly, in speeches delivered at Wrexham and Manchester, Mr. PARNELL did his best to repair his shattered positions. The little lapse in his Parliamentary chronology he endeavoured to glide over as lightly as might be. True it was that the Land Purchase Bill had passed the Lords when the interview with Lord CARNARVON took place; but then it had been "hung up for a period of eight or nine days," a "most unusual interval" to be allowed to elapse under the circumstances of the Session, and "no Government would"—that is to say, in Mr. PARNELL's opinion—"have so hung up a Bill if they had had any intention of passing it into law." Moreover, did not Mr. PARNELL object to one of its clauses, and was not that clause subsequently struck out in Committee? What further proof could be needed of the "official character" of Lord CARNARVON's conversation with him? It would be a waste of time to discuss such futilities as these. The Bill was not "hung up" too long to prevent its being passed with plenty of time to spare; and, as to the clause which Mr. PARNELL objected to, there can be no possible reason why, if his objection was sound, effect should not have been given to it by the Government at a subsequent stage of the Bill. If Mr. PARNELL had waited to urge his objection in the House of Commons, and the Government had then yielded to it, no sensible man would have paid attention to nonsense about a Tory-Parnellite understanding; and the fact that he anticipated the regular course of procedure in such cases by making his representations at a private interview in no way alters the character of the transaction. As to the rest of Mr. PARNELL's rejoinder, it simply consists in reasserting by way of hypothesis the assertions which Lord SALISBURY has expressly declared to be unfounded in fact. The latter speaks of things which are within his direct personal knowledge; the former deals in speculations which he is at liberty to consider plausible, but which he has no possible means of verifying. The controversy, in short, is practically closed, and closed in what must have been foreseen by every one but the blindest partisan to be the only probable or even possible way. It is to be hoped that we shall now hear no more of the mare's nest which has had such attraction for Mr. GLADSTONE; and that, if the PRIME MINISTER or his partisans want any more controversy about "understandings" or "arrangements" with Irish Separatists, they will turn their attention to the recent disclosures of that eminent Salvationist, Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN—disclosures which relate to a transaction not between English and Irish Parliamentary parties, but between an English Government and a knot of Irish-American conspirators. Who, it should now be asked, was the messenger, and what the message, which went from Downing Street to Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. PATRICK FORD? Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE Junior can explain.

TIPPERARY v. TENNIS.

WHAT an exceedingly pure parish priest this parish priest must be—the ecclesiastic who seems likely to denounce lawn-tennis from an altar in Tipperary! There seems nothing contrary to good morals in lawn-tennis; it is certainly played by the most orthodox Catholics in England, but in Ireland, under Home Rule, it will probably be condemned. There is in Tipperary a Lawn-Tennis Club, and the ground of that Club is near a convent. Now the remarkable sanctity of the nuns has long been vexed by the spectacle of this vanity, and the gallant townsmen, headed by the parish priest, have determined to put down a diversion which comes to them under the sanction of foreign laws and in a foreign garb, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, the foreign garb being flannels. Probably the foreigners, and not the essential characteristics of tennis, are what these pious women and worthy patriots dislike. The clergy of old, even the Catholic clergy, were great amateurs of tennis. The grille, according to tradition, was once a window in the castle court whence the monks watched the game, and it was the object of the barons to drive the ball into the grille, and flutter the ecclesiastics. At lawn-tennis there is no grille, but doubtless there is a grille in the convent, and the Tipperary nuns, putting things together, look on lawn-tennis as “insulting games.” The parish priest, at all events, calls the game “insulting,” being moved thereto by the singular circumstance that only Protestants play at it, in Tipperary. This is but one of the amenities of clerical and Catholic rule which the unhappy Protestants have to anticipate when Ireland is truly free, and no heretic may earn the price of a loaf or deliver an overhand service in the Isle of Saints and of EGAN, PARNELL, BRADY, and CAREY. Mr. CAREY himself, just before the Phoenix Park murders, which he directed, was looking on at polo, and we do not learn that he considered this “an insulting game.” But Irish sensitiveness increases on one side as English sensitiveness does on the other. To speak of protection for Protestants is felt by Gladstonian Dissenters to be equivalent to yelling “No Popery!” To play Protestant tennis on the other side is justly resented as a gross insult to religion and thereligious. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, who is a cricketer, and “has been known to bowl,” as LILLYWHITE cautiously says, should have some sympathy with Protestantism shorn of its games. No more cricket in Phoenix Park; no more visits of I. Z. to Dublin! Cricket will be denounced as an athletic and brutal heresy, and the I. Z. will experience the tender mercies which the Church has often bestowed on Bohemians.

A meeting of indignant Catholics has been held in Tipperary, and the poor Protestant lawn-tennis players have been probably frightened out of their ground and their amusement. How are they to get a new ground which is not near the convent, and which consequently will not be a gross insult to the saints? To hire a new ground will be to commit the crime of “land-grabbing,” and any one who lets it may look forward to being boycotted, threatened, and possibly shot. Is it not an odd and characteristic thing that lawn-tennis has provoked clerical and popular denunciation, while we do not hear much of priests inveighing against the most cold-blooded murders and the most callous insults to mourners? Clearly the Irish have a peculiar moral code. It will be interesting to see trap-bat-and-ball capably punished, while the shooting of old men under the eyes of their wives and daughters is pleasantly winked at as a regrettable incident in constitutional progress. This worthy parish priest in Tipperary is reported to have said that his Catholic flock “had even supported many of their ‘Protestant brethren [did CAIN call ABEL ‘my Protestant brother’]’ with a generous hand, and the return they ‘received for all this friendliness and generosity was a ‘continuance of their tennis games under the very windows ‘of our convent.’” Apparently the players are Protestant paupers, who take alms with one hand and “place” balls with the other. After all, the strongest argument for Home Rule, or rather for Separation *sans phrase*, is that we shall never, never understand the Irish. We shall never know why lawn-tennis is insulting to hearts filled with true religion and heads the homes of right reason. We shall never know how paupers come to be tennis-players or appreciate the relations of theology and racquets.

MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. BRIGHT.

MR. GLADSTONE has, since we discussed his way of elevating the standard of Parliamentary manners last week, persistently continued the task of the elevator, and his efforts in this line have been so peculiar that justice deserves to be done to them. Here we shall deal only with the PRIME MINISTER's attitude towards one of the friends from whom he has separated—the one whom he holds by his own account in the greatest veneration—Mr. BRIGHT. For, as it happens, the present question before England—a question which was rightly enough put in the QUEEN's Speech as the sole one of importance for electors—is very much a question between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT. It has, it seems, given Mr. W. LEATHAM BRIGHT such pain to hear his father “cheered by the Tories” that he was obliged to relieve his overcharged feelings to the sympathizing bosom of Mr. JOSEPH ARCH. Mr. W. LEATHAM BRIGHT is apparently one of the intelligent people who think, not only that there is a great deal in a name, but that there is nothing in anything else. For our part, we have more constantly differed with Mr. BRIGHT than with any other statesman in England during the last thirty years. We do not withdraw from that attitude of difference in one single case of the past; and we do not the less heartily agree with him in this case of the present. To persons of the order of intelligence of Mr. BRIGHT's son this no doubt seems suspicious, if not horrible; their own principle being the simple one that anything which Mr. GLADSTONE likes must be right and anything which the Tories like wrong. To persons of a somewhat different order of intelligence there can hardly be anything either surprising or suspicious in the matter. We have disagreed with Mr. BRIGHT for thirty years because we have thought and think him wrong; we agree with him to-day because we think him right.

This, however, is not Mr. GLADSTONE's way of looking at such matters, though the words happen to be very nearly Mr. GLADSTONE's own words in another case. He is aware that vituperative language addressed to Mr. BRIGHT would be very dangerous to his own prospects; and, as there is always a great deal of method, though not always quite enough, in Mr. GLADSTONE's madness, he has affected towards this most damaging adversary (whose last attack on the very eve of the election was the most damaging of all) the tone of respectful remonstrance and regret. He will not be Mr. BRIGHT's critic; those are his exact words. Yet he describes Mr. BRIGHT as having placed himself in opposition to what he, Mr. GLADSTONE, thinks is the sentiment of the nation. More surprising still, Mr. GLADSTONE wishes that Mr. BRIGHT “could have kept off the ground altogether.” No doubt he does. NAPOLEON doubtless wished that BLUCHER would have kept off the ground altogether; and the French commanders at Malplaquet would have been much obliged to General WITHERS if he would have kept off the ground, instead of making the flank march that decided the battle. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, perhaps did not use his words in quite such a naïf sense as this, and, if so, it is difficult to see what else they can imply except a very decided “criticism” of Mr. BRIGHT's action “on the ‘ground.’” Mr. GLADSTONE hints, and something more than hints, that Mr. BRIGHT has done things on that ground which he had better not have done; he has, for instance, delivered a strong testimonial in favour of “the honesty and ‘wisdom of Mr. CAINE’”—Mr. CAINE, who, by giving chapter and verse for a description of Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct (Mr. GLADSTONE's way of putting it is “by deplorably misrepresenting”), has become, of course, in Mr. GLADSTONE's eyes, a man very much the reverse of honest or wise. Again, Mr. BRIGHT has said that “a party cannot ‘be expected to follow the sudden changes of its leaders,’” though he, Mr. BRIGHT, ought to know (this is not, remember, “criticism”) that “since the time, fifteen years ago, ‘when Home Rule came to the surface, Mr. GLADSTONE has ‘never on any occasion condemned it in principle.’” This last wonderful statement contains the substance of the still more wonderful letter which Mr. GLADSTONE is said to have shortly afterwards addressed to Mr. BRIGHT, regretting to read his published statements that a year ago all Liberal candidates held Mr. RYLANDS's views on the Irish question, begging Mr. BRIGHT, without losing a moment, publicly to except Mr. GLADSTONE from this assertion, and to give proofs of what he says, repeating the fifteen years' statement, and politely adding that he, Mr. GLADSTONE, thinks Mr. RYLANDS's opinions (which are those of Lord HARTINGTON,

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, MR. GOSCHEN, SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN, SIR HENRY JAMES, the Duke of ARGYLL, and MR. BRIGHT himself) "absurd." This last touch might have thrown considerable doubt on the authenticity of the letter, if it had not been for the studied or unconscious rudeness which, as we pointed out last week, has characterized the PRIME MINISTER's utterances during this campaign. But the rest of the letter is only a repetition of the Manchester speech, and thus unquestionable. Nor would it be possible to find anything more interesting even in the extremely interesting literature of MR. GLADSTONE's political attitude since November, nor anything in the vast volume of recent political speeches which more directly goes to the root of the matter. Here is Home Rule—a question which, as MR. GLADSTONE acknowledges, came into public notice fifteen years ago, and which for rather more than twelve years (or since the meeting of the Parliament of 1874) has been the largest and most important domestic-political question of the time. And MR. GLADSTONE, who has been three times Prime Minister since its birth, and twice Prime Minister since its adolescence, challenges his close comrade and colleague, MR. BRIGHT, to produce an occasion on which he condemned it in principle. Now, there are three ways in which it is possible to meet this very remarkable challenge. Some have gone about to meet it directly, thereby not showing their wisdom. As LORD SALISBURY has remarked, MR. GLADSTONE is a skilled manufacturer of loopholes; and, for our part, we should most distinctly decline to assert that there is one single question of policy, home or foreign, on which, during the last fifteen years, he has committed himself to an absolute and definite expression of opinion. The second way of consideration is more fruitful. No doubt during the last fifteen years MR. GLADSTONE has not committed himself to an express disapproval of the manners of *Faustrecht* or of the morals of the Cities of the Plain, and he might victoriously challenge MR. BRIGHT or any one else to produce from his speeches and writings a condemnation of the principles of JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG or of TIBERIUS CESAR. But here also the answer is not final. Although it is the absolute truth that up to at least the dissolution of last year Home Rule was supposed to be the one subject on which almost all men of all parties in England were as much agreed as on the points just alluded to, those who have "found salvation" dispute the truth, some of them perhaps sincerely. So, no doubt, the most famous opponents of MAHOMET did not like talking of the Days of Ignorance when they were once converted. The true believer dismisses these degrading memories.

But there is a third way of looking at this singular controversy, which is much more profitable. Admit that MR. GLADSTONE, good at loopholes, left himself a large one, or plenty of large ones, here. Admit that MR. CHILDERS is an Old Believer of very nearly five years' standing; and that even MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, a child of rapid growth, may now claim promotion from the milk of Conciliation to the strong meat of Home Rule, pure and simple. But MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and MR. CHILDERS, and, as we have seen, MR. GLADSTONE himself, will all admit that Home Rule has been on the surface for at least fifteen years, and very much on the surface for the greater part of that time. MR. GLADSTONE says that he has never condemned it. But did he ever approve it? Did he ever, in recommending the numerous and important measures dealing with Ireland which he has introduced, and most of which he has passed, hint at an approval of it? Did he not, on the contrary, constantly claim Disestablishment (we grant him this as outside the fifteen years' limit), the first Land Bill (just outside it), the projected legislation of 1873 which upset him, the second Land Bill and its satellites, each as the true and final remedy for Irish disaffection? Is it not, on the contrary, clear that if Home Rule, if government of Ireland by Irishmen as well as by Irish ideas, was the plan, all these things ought to have been done by an Irish Parliament, and is it not certain that, had any suspicion that Home Rule was to follow them entered the minds of Parliament or the nation, they would not have been passed at all? How is it that MR. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister of England, has locked up his opinion in his breast for fifteen years? Had he none? Then when did he form it? Had he an unfavourable one? Then why did he change it? Had he a favourable one? Then why did he conceal it? These are questions which, after his challenges to MR. BRIGHT, he cannot escape. He has in all his recent speaking refused to give any definite answer to them, and the inevitable conclusion is that he has none to give. Yet this answer is all-important in order, as

the QUEEN'S Speech has it, "to ascertain the sense of the people upon the important proposal to establish a Legislative Body in Ireland." What MR. GLADSTONE has so laboriously said will help the sense of the people not one jot in its decision. What he has neglected to say would help them very much indeed, and his silence should be nearly as helpful.

WIGS ON THE GREEN-ROOM.

IT has been asserted that it is the right of every one who is a spectator of an acrimonious dispute to believe what each man may say against his adversary, and to disbelieve what he may say in favour of himself. If we were to stick fast to this principle, we should be forced to believe that the dramatic authors of England are a bad lot. There have been as many ructions lately in the Green-room as there are in the Green Isle. Critic disagrees with critic; author disputes with author; and manager objects to the existence of both author and critic, whose functions he would like to unite with his own, becoming, "like CERBERUS, three single gentlemen in one." Making a somewhat unfortunate choice of time and place, MR. COMYNS CARR, at the recent annual dinner of the Green-Room Club, delivered himself, according to reports, in proposing a toast of some ironical remarks concerning some present, which caused MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS to assert that there is one thing he has tried to do ever since he undertook the management of Drury Lane—that is, not to make a fool of himself by talking and braying like an ass about Art. "I prefer," so MR. HARRIS declares, "to try and produce plays that would prove to you all that I love Art at least as much as a lot of humbugs who talk about it." MR. HARRIS the manager has proved that he loved Art by producing the plays of MR. HARRIS the dramatist. There are those who deny that there is any such party as MR. HARRIS the dramatist. But this scepticism is unseemly, for the plays are in existence which prove the love of MR. HARRIS the manager for Art; they are, *The World and Youth* and *Pluck and Freedom and Human Nature*—and are not these all signed on the playbill with the name of MR. HARRIS the dramatist? Here indeed is an inspiring situation for the authors of *Deacon Brodie*; or, *the Double Life*. Let them consider the awful predicament of MR. HARRIS the manager when he has to read a play of MR. HARRIS the dramatist, and to decide whether its production will prove to you all that MR. HARRIS the manager loves Art at least as much as a lot of humbugs that talk about it. And MR. WILSON BARRETT is in the same pitiable condition as MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. There are MR. BARRETT the manager, and MR. BARRETT the dramatist, and MR. BARRETT the actor. Think of the painful position of a manager called on to reject his own play because he does not think himself capable of acting the chief part! Perhaps this situation has not yet arrived, but it would be most unpleasant. MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and MR. WILSON BARRETT cumulate as many functions as POOH-BAH, and when they join in conversation one with another there are six people engaged in the discussion, just as there were in DR. HOLMES's demonstration of the treble JOHNS and HENRYS of any ordinary dialogue.

On matters of this kind, however, we commented fully last week, and should not have referred to them again but for the curious discussion which took place at the Crystal Palace. To turn, however, to another matter, it would be interesting to know what a disinterested French critic would think of MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN's diatribes against MR. WILLIAM ARCHER. It is true that nobody's opinion of MR. BUCHANAN is of much importance, for he is hardly a person to be taken seriously. MR. ARCHER, in his clever book *About the Theatre*, made some cutting remarks about MR. BUCHANAN's most amusing melodrama *Storm Beaten*, a compound of icebergs and commonplace, red fire and the Aurora Borealis. MR. BUCHANAN's withers are unwrung, and he proceeds to point out MR. ARCHER's weakness as a critic. MR. BUCHANAN finds fault with MR. ARCHER because MR. ARCHER fails to find "poetry" in MR. WILLS's *Olivia*; because he declares that MR. WILLS's *Faust* is "worse than unskilful, it is unintelligent"; because MR. BUCHANAN's *Sophia* bores him; and because he is eloquent in praise of the *Great Pink Pearl*. Really, if this be the head and front of MR. ARCHER's offending, we shall bless him, and curse him not, for we are quite at one with him on these points. There is a tale told of a schoolboy from which MR. BUCHANAN would do well to extract the moral. The school-

boy came home for the holidays, and his father looked over the school report. "What's this, my boy?" said the father, "I see you were flogged last week." "Have you 'only just found that out!'" retorted the youngster; "why, I knew it at the time." Mr. BUCHANAN will note that the schoolboy refrained from writing to the papers to draw attention to his castigation.

THE "LAW OF LOVE" IN SOUTH ISLINGTON.

IT is some satisfaction to hear, on the authority of his medical attendant, that the sudden and untimely death of the late candidate for South Islington was not directly due to the brutal violence to which he had been subjected by his opponent's ruffianly supporters at a recent disorderly public meeting. Dr. STOKES's testimony, however, does not by any means go the length of altogether disconnecting the fatal termination of Mr. LLUELLYN's malady from the treatment which he had undergone. He died, we are told, "of acute pneumonia, due to chill contracted on 'the occasion of the riotous meeting at St. Peter's Schools'; but the Doctor adds that 'undoubtedly his heated and excited condition predisposed him to the illness'; and we may perhaps with safety add for ourselves that it did not aid him to resist it. Even a layman may without presumption hazard the opinion that to be 'pinned against the wall by the throat'—as happened, for instance, to the Duke of NORFOLK at the meeting aforesaid—is not the best preparation for a struggle with a sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs. On the whole, therefore, we deem ourselves still justified in holding that those champions of the "law of love" who broke up Mr. LLUELLYN's meeting, if they did not directly cause his death by their brutality, are by no means free from all responsibility for its occurrence. We have no doubt that his opponent, Mr. SPICER, very sincerely regrets the ruffianism of his supporters, and that he is equally sincere in his promise to do all that he can to repress such outbreaks for the future. But all that he or any other Gladstonian candidate can do in such a direction is unfortunately very little. Mob violence has always played a large part in the furtherance of the various causes with which the great apostle of political loving-kindness has been identified during the latter half of his life; and Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH has opportunely reminded us that there are special reasons for expecting it to figure as a more active ally of Mr. GLADSTONE at this election than at any previous one. Along with "the Irish-American money which is being poured 'into the Gladstonite Election Fund are likely to come 'those electioneering arts in which the Irish-American 'politician is pre-eminently well versed, and which include, 'besides ballot-stuffing and repeating, the violent exclusion 'of respectable electors from the polls." And the money, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH might have added, will be partly expended in promotion of the arts. It will be available not only for paying the expense of Separatist candidates, but for suborning "meeting-wreckers" and others to intimidate the supporters of Unionists.

No doubt it is a mere coincidence, but it is certainly a most unfortunate coincidence, that all the violence which has so far manifested itself in the present contest is on the side of the Apostle of Love. It is the more unfortunate because this is about the twentieth time in that apostle's history that this coincidence has in one form or another recurred. There is no doubt in the minds of all the more pudding-headed of Mr. GLADSTONE's adherents on the subject of Mr. GLADSTONE's mission. He was sent into the world to introduce higher and nobler political ideals, more unselfish and less un-Christian motives of political action. And somehow or other the persons whose immediate benefit these beneficent innovations are, in the first instance, to subserve are always seizing the most inappropriate occasions for showing that they themselves are unalterably attached to the older and more barbarous methods of appeal. It does not seem much to matter whether the persons who for the moment illustrate this predilection are our fellow-countrymen or not, or, if not, what sort of "foreigners" they are—whether foreigners who speak our language, live within a few hours' sail of our shores, and have been in political connexion with us for eight hundred years, or men a little further removed from us in affinity and geographical distance. It is generally the Irish who illustrate it, but not always. At one time it may be the Dutchman of South Africa, at another time Russians in Afghanistan, at yet another a mob

of Radical roughs surging round a platform. But the common characteristic of all these cases is that the "law-of-love" treatment which we have been persuaded to apply experimentally to the various persons concerned in them is invariably preceded by, or results in, bloodshed or broken heads—we being the patients, the objects of our experiments the agents. We may fairly say, indeed, that the "law-of-love" has been propagated hitherto wholly and solely by professors of the law of force, and that such ground as it has gained in English politics has been won by dint of hard knocks administered to all such as have shown too much hesitation in loving the striker. *Sois mon frère ou je te tue* would, nowadays, seem to be the version of the "fraternity" maxim adopted by every race and nation with whom we have to deal; and there are striking signs that the enemies of the Union, inspired by Mr. GLADSTONE's beautiful and touching appeal, will apply it in this form with greater vigour than ever during the coming struggle. Surely there must be something wrong either about Mr. GLADSTONE's great principle or his methods of advocating it.

A CRIME WITHOUT A PUNISHMENT.

LAST year a lady was burnt to death at the Inventions Exhibition by a lighted match which a smoker had dropped on the ground. This week at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition a similar accident occurred, though happily without fatal results. Mr. ALAN PALMER, a pupil of the St. John Ambulance Association, happened by great good fortune to be on the spot, and he succeeded in saving the lady's life by putting out the flames. If Mr. PALMER had not been there, or some one possessing equal courage, presence of mind, knowledge, and resource, another victim would have been sacrificed to the reckless and inconsiderate selfishness of some smokers. There is no excuse whatever for their conduct, and if it could not be suppressed in any other way, smoking in places of public resort would have to be prohibited altogether. We need scarcely say that we do not recommend such an extreme measure, believing that a simpler and more convenient one can easily be found. The principle of interfering with ordinary people's comfort because eccentric people abuse their privileges is the vicious foundation on which the advocates of compulsory teetotalism rest their case. It would be easy enough to provide that the act of throwing away a lighted match, or a lighted piece of paper, in a public place should be a misdemeanour, punishable on summary conviction with fine or imprisonment. If the man who caused the shocking calamity last summer could have been discovered, he might perhaps have been successfully indicted for manslaughter. But the act which he committed, and which would of course have been just as culpable if no serious consequences had ensued, is not in itself a breach of the law. The remarkable and almost shocking cheapness of matches has added a new terror to life, especially for women. When four boxes can be bought for a penny and a dozen for twopence, one can scarcely help asking what sort of wages the unfortunate matchmakers receive. There are limits even to the universality of matches. No servant, it is well known, will ever, except under the direst threats, leave a box in any room. On this subject a separate treatise might be written. But the visitors to the "Colonies" on any one evening must carry with them the means of burning the Exhibition down about thirty thousand times.

Vesuvians have partly gone out of fashion, and who, except in a high wind, regrets them? Among other bad qualities of these pestilent and malodorous inventions is the difficulty of extinguishing them before they have burnt themselves out. On the other hand, their blaze is brief, and in a smouldering condition they are comparatively harmless. Wooden matches seldom keep alight long in the open air. Wax matches are perhaps the most dangerous of all, since they will preserve a steady and cheerful flame for several minutes on the ground. The thoughtlessness of people who drop these things, and bother their heads no more about them, is a disagreeable subject of contemplation. The universal diffusion of selfishness may be a familiar theme. But it is not pleasant to see the average sensual man in his least exalted moments illuminated by this piercing gleam. Everybody is aware, though he may not be always conscious, of the fact that to throw lighted matches about indiscriminately involves peril to life and limb. The practice would at once cease if some men did not prefer the chance of

causing death and torture to the trouble of blowing out a flame. For that is really the question when reduced to its simplest terms. Bishop BUTLER analyses the emotions caused by the sight of a drowning man into satisfaction that one is not being drowned oneself, which he puts first, apprehension that one may be drowned some day, which he puts second, and pity for the sufferer, which he places third. Really, as a less decorous philosopher observed, "our feelings are like chemicals; the more you analyse them the more they stink." It is quite certain that, if there was a powder magazine at the "Colonies," so that the reckless employment of matches involved danger to the reckless person himself, much greater caution would be observed. A fine indifference to the lives of others is the most popular form of Stoicism. Whether it be necessary or desirable that ladies' dresses should be made, even in summer, of such very inflammable material that the ardent gaze of an admirer might almost kindle them is a question on which we need not pronounce any opinion. If the CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF POLICE has not power to impose a penalty on the mischievous habit to which we have referred, Parliament, so soon as there is a Parliament, should supply the omission without delay.

THE TWO LAST SHOTS.

IT fell to Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. COWEN to deliver the last shots fired during the electoral campaign, and very telling ones they are. The first has told with deadly effect upon the already riddled fabric of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy, the second has gone well home to the mischievous and immoral organization which is his sole political support. We may judge of the effect of the former by the ludicrous state of mind into which it has thrown Mr. GLADSTONE's solitary organ in the London press, which evidently cannot make up its mind whether to bless its powerful opponent to show its magnanimity, or to curse him for the destruction which he is dealing among the Separatist ranks. "God bless you—you 'know what I mean,'" is perhaps the best summary to give of the agitated comments which Mr. BRIGHT's speech at Birmingham has elicited from the *Daily News*. Mr. BRIGHT has, as might be expected, "an alternative plan" of satisfaction for the Parnellite demands. As a Radical he could not be expected to deny himself the luxury; but, on the other hand, he cannot expect his proposals to be seriously discussed by Conservative or perhaps even by Liberal Unionists at such a moment as this. The work of the hour is to defeat what Mr. BRIGHT has well described as the conspiracy against the Union. That danger averted, there will be time enough to consider what concessions may be safely made to the claim of Ireland for a fuller and more effective control over Irish affairs. We will only say that, though Mr. BRIGHT's proposal of an "Irish Grand Committee" to deal with these affairs has a somewhat belated appearance at this moment, it would argue considerable blindness to the existing situation to dismiss it on that account alone. The most striking fact, and to the Separatists the chief attraction, about Mr. GLADSTONE's monstrous proposals is that they have had the effect of giving the same belated air to every reasonable and moderate substitute which can be suggested for them. No doubt the Parnellites would refuse to look at the scheme of an Irish Grand Committee; but we are not aware that they would condescend to consider the much more extensive and questionable plan of National Councils. So that practically the question of "alternative" may for the present be put aside. The constituencies have to declare themselves on the one great issue as to whether or not we should repeal the Act of Union, and Mr. BRIGHT's outspoken denunciation of that scheme comes in time, we hope, to influence many a wavering mind among the members of his party. He is "against anything in any shape which can be called a Parliament 'in Dublin,'" and he hopes that "the stupendous injustice 'and blunder' of attempting to set up such a Parliament will fail. Let every doubting Radical ask himself what must be the true nature of a policy which, though proposed and passionately supported by Mr. GLADSTONE, can yet be denounced as a 'stupendous injustice and blunder' by Mr. BRIGHT.

Mr. COWEN's personal grounds of resentment against the Caucus are well known, and we need not now discuss them. His letter, like Mr. BRIGHT's speech, must be discussed at this juncture solely as it bears upon the momentous crisis

before us. The passages, therefore, upon which we hope that the attention of the electors will be mainly centred are those in which Mr. COWEN holds up these organizations, at once servile and tyrannical, to the reprobation of the public. "He will not venture," he says, "to refer in detail to the 'question now before the country.'" "But," he adds, "it may perhaps be recollected that one of the main grounds 'of Caucus antipathy to me was my opposition to Irish coercion and my support of Home Rule. Their right-about-face has been as surprising as it has been sudden. 'I suppose the public do not see it, or, if they do see it, 'they do not care.' In this we sincerely hope that Mr. COWEN may be wrong. We trust that at least the honourable and independent section of the electors will see what is the value of the guidance of bodies whose motto is thus clearly proved to be 'GLADSTONE right or wrong,' and will resolve once for all to resist their dictation and break up their power.

THE THAMES LEVÉE.

AMONG the many walks round London which are open to the Saturday or the Sunday Tramp, there is one where his footstep is never heard. The curious and inquisitive traveller has this walk all to himself. It is a lonely and deserted walk; one can go for miles without encountering a soul; it is, further, a place continually swept by all the breezes that blow. Lonely as it is, it runs along a highway up and down which thousands of busy people are continually passing. And it has many other singularities. There is, strange to say, never a public-house upon this road from end to end; there is no dust upon it even in the dustiest weather; there are no milestones upon it; there are no policemen, beggars, vagrants, or tramps upon it; there are neither villages nor houses on it; the road leads nowhere and has neither beginning nor end; nothing ever happened upon it; no novelist or poet has seized upon it; no shilling dreadful is connected with it; there is not even a church upon it, in which respect it stands absolutely alone among English roads, not even excepting Tottenham Court Road, which can boast of a very imposing chapel, though it has no church; the road is never "up" for repairs or for the gas-pipes, water-pipes, or sewers, because these pipes are strangely absent from this road. Yet it is, in spite of these defects, a most curious and interesting road to walk upon, and from it one may visit certain curious and interesting places.

This road is, in fact, the *levée*, dyke, embankment, or riverside wall which protects the low-lying lands on either side of the lower Thames. The wall is of very considerable antiquity; how old, no one knows; but there appears to be nothing, either in history, legend, or the evidence of masonry, which can show the date of its first construction. The area which it protects is all low, and for the most part is lower than the high-tide level, so that in former times it must have presented very much the appearance of the delightful foreshore of Southend or Leigh or the upper part of Portsmouth and Hayling harbours at low tide. A part of the wall was formerly kept in repair at the charges of Barking Abbey, and an inundation is recorded of the year 1376, which broke down the wall and covered the lands belonging to the Abbey. There seems also reason for believing that the wall must have been first erected when the Abbey, to which the low lands south of Barking belonged, was under the rule of the sainted Ethelberga and her immediate successors. The northern wall now begins, though formerly it doubtless ran much further west, at the gates of the Victoria Docks, unless it has been built over in the last year or two, and runs, with hardly a break, all the way to the little port of Leigh, near Southend. Another wall is carried round the Isle of Canvey, the whole of which is below the level of high tide. The southern wall, which formerly began at Greenwich, is continued as far as the Medway. Let us follow the work along the northern bank, beginning at Barking—there are reasons, not wholly unconnected with the fragrance of certain Works, why the exploration should not begin higher up the river—and ending for the present at Tilbury, which is, in fact, quite as far as a very robust Saturday Tramp would care to attempt in a single day where the going is so rough.

The wall is about fifteen feet high, of uniform construction, being five feet, or thereabouts, broad at the top, and sloping at an angle of about 30° riverwards, where it is faced with stone, and at a steeper incline, which is covered with grass, towards the land. The meadows which it protects, called after the places to which they are adjacent, as Barking Marsh, Rainham Marsh, and Thurrock Marsh, are not, at first, pretty to look at, and in the winter must present an inexpressibly dreary appearance; but they brighten up as one gets lower down the river, and presently, in this sweet season of July, become luxuriant with long grass and corn already tall. There is, however, one cannot but observe, a remarkable lack of wild flowers, not only in the meadows, but also in the grass-grown slope of the wall, which in some parts of the country would at this time be covered with flowers. Then there are neither hedges nor trees, and there is no sign of man's presence; the fields are absolutely lonely and deserted; there are even no roads visible anywhere, unless remains of old embankments called *mannaways* be taken for roads—this corner of Essex, so near to London, and yet

so little known, has very few roads—and the place is without birds. At Hampstead the cuckoo calls and the lark sings; here there is nothing except, in one place, a single flock of rooks, who are so surprised that any man should come along the wall that they nearly suffer the traveller to step upon them. Perhaps the breeze which continually sweeps up and down the river is too strong for the small birds; perhaps the absence of woods and cover keeps them away. Low-lying, flat, treeless, and hedgeless, silent and deserted, these marshes, with the sun falling upon them, hot and strong, from the south-west, and, in the background, with a bank of black and thunderous cloud over them, impress the mind even if they cannot be called beautiful. The windings of the Wall follow, of course, the windings of the river; and, as Father Thames winds and curves his banks a great deal more than would be gathered from a map on any scale short of six inches to the mile, the distance from place to place by way of the Wall is considerably greater than the shortest length between two points. This, however, when one is not anxious to get anywhere, matters little; and there is a certain advantage in being able to hold on one's hat, as the road turns and winds, by either hand in turn. As for the view riverwards there is, beyond the stream, the rising ground of Kent behind the marshes of Plumstead and Dartford, clothed with trees. With the exception of Erith, there is little to note between Woolwich and Gravesend. Formerly the towers of Lesness Abbey rose moderately—'twas a modest foundation—above the woods, but these are now gone, and even its walls are in ruins. How many London people know that such a ruin, which would be one of the sights of a watering-place, exists at their very doors? As for the river, everybody knows what to expect of it; yet, somehow, standing on the wall, and watching the craft go up and down, more, much more, is seen than one expected. The "silent highway" is so noisy; it is so crowded and so busy; so full of ships which are pressing up or down as if there was no time to spare, and a great deal of money might be lost by an hour's delay, the ships themselves seeming like human creatures, impelled by the tyrant, who, as Alcefridas Nasier has pointed out, was the first Master of Arts; the great steamer, the little steamer, the noisy tug, the heavily-laden lighter, the timber ship—none but Norwegian sailors could, nowadays, handle a craft under full sail so dexterously—the collier, the Thames yacht, and—can it—can this be the Margate Hoy? One had thought that this build must be as extinct as the Galliot, the Bilander, or the Ketch; yet, if pictures prove anything, yon craft is none other than a Hoy. In the old days our grandfathers took their families to Margate by the Hoy; the voyage lasted, sometimes, when the wind changed, seven-and-twenty hours; very often the provisions ran out, so that those who were not half-killed by seasickness were compelled to endure the pangs of famine. Whatever the craft, she is plunging her way up stream, among the steamers, with the utmost determination, and a kind of pride in herself, as if she loved her sails and despised steam. Presently there comes swiftly up the river and overtakes the poor old Hoy, with very little more noise than if she was under sail, a long, narrow, venomous torpedo-boat.

There are lying adjacent to the wall several curious places as little touched as yet by their proximity to London as if they were two hundred miles away. Barking, for instance, has faults of her own, but no one can say that these are derived from her great neighbour. She is dirty, mean, and insignificant, but she is an Essex village. The town stands upon Barking Creek, which is none other than the silver Roding, loved by those who fish for jack in the fields of Chigwell. There was once here a most splendid abbey, the abbess of which ranked as a baroness, and was a very great lady indeed. Now, there is nothing left of the great convent except an old gateway, which stands over the entrance to the churchyard, and nothing at all, not even her name, remembered of the good St. Ethelberg, the first abbess. Yet she worked miracles. The river is a mile and a half south of the town, and the way leads past factories which would make the visitor take pride in the enterprise of his country but for their smell. He has to begin his journey along the Wall, too, by running the gauntlet of three or four Chemical Works. The science of smells is yet in its infancy, yet we may lay it down as a general rule that what mignonette, rose, and jasmine are at one end of the science—say the violet end, to compare the science with the prismatic colours—the Chemical Factory is at the other, or the red end, possessing, that is to say, exactly opposite qualities. The questions of intensity, area, and development are not connected with this comparison. Once past the Chemical Works, however, there is no more offence to the nostrils; but, on the contrary, a strong breeze blowing straight up the river fresh from the sea. Two or three miles down the river we come upon a thing most unexpected and surprising; for who would think to find in these marshes a great sheet of water edged with trees and tall reeds black as a Cumberland tarn and as lonely as Easedale? This is Dagenham Lake, and it is as well known to East London lovers of the gentle craft as Kingsbury Lake to those who dwell westwards, being full of jack, roach, and eels. There is, however, no Welsh Harp, and its waters are only fished on Sunday. The Lake, although little known west of the town, has its history. In December 1707 a breach was made in the river Wall, and about a thousand acres of land were inundated; it was not for several years afterwards that the Wall was repaired and the meadows drained, and there the lake remained. A Commission was appointed to make a periodical inspection of the Wall, and this inspection, oddly enough, gave rise to the Ministerial whitebait dinner, which began with the invitation of the Commissioners to Mr. Pitt to dine at Dagenham off fish caught

in the Lake, and whitebait taken in the river. The dinner became more sumptuous and more Ministerial, but it was not until 1834 that it ceased to be an inspection dinner, and began to be held at Greenwich. An attempt was made in 1866 to construct a dock and canal here, but the project was abandoned, and part of the dock gate alone remains, with a piece of the canal. The village of Dagenham is about two miles inland, where the ground begins to rise. The first riverside town reached is Rainham, a quiet sleepy place, full of trees and gardens, orchards and flowers; it has a church worth examining, and a great brick house, close by the church, which serves as vicarage to the next parish. There is also a wharf at Rainham Creek, and there are barges, which betoken trade, lying in the mud. The father of Churchill, the poet, was rector of Rainham. Three miles more of the wall bring us to Purfleet, where the chalk cliff comes down to the river, and has been quarried into all kinds of fantastic shapes, which stand like ruined walls and bastions among the orchards. Off the shore at Purfleet lies the Cornwall reformatory ship. There is nothing more to observe from the dyke until we come to the crumbling old church of West Thurrock, which stands quite alone, without a house near it, just within the river wall, and is as unexpected as Dagenham Lake. Here was once a religious house, traces of which can still be seen; the church itself is said to have been used as a gathering place for the pilgrims from the Eastern counties to Canterbury. The period of its construction is interesting, because it bears upon the disputed date of the wall, which must certainly be older than the church. A tablet on the flint and chalk tower is said to have once borne the date of 1040, which would thus push the building of the Wall back to a period before the Norman Conquest. According to some antiquaries, however, there is nothing to connect the great Embankment with anything older than the thirteenth century. A mile or two further along the bank brings us to a town which seems to have been built the day before yesterday, with long rows of small houses in grey brick, a big chapel, and ugly streets. This is, however, the ancient town of Gray's or Gray's Thurrock, which has grown suddenly out of its antiquity, started certain factories, and become a thriving place. But it must have been much prettier in its earlier form. The *Shaftesbury* and the *Ermouth* training ships lie off Gray's. If the traveller now desires to reach Tilbury, he had better leave the wall at this point and seek his goal by a circuitous and very dusty road; or he may break a byelaw and walk down the line; but, if he continue on the Wall, he will presently encounter a great stone wall enclosing the new Tilbury Docks and barring progress. Then he will have to turn and retrace his steps. At the Docks he will find, beside the great basin ready for all the ships in the world, with offices ready for all the trade in the world, a certain Establishment in the newest style, with electric lights, porters and pages, where he can get a dinner, which, if not so good as that of the "Ship" or the "Trafalgar," is certainly better than that which the Ministers of His Majesty King George III. used to get at Dagenham Lake.

IN TOPSYTURVYLAND.

IN the current number of the works of the philosopher Mr. Punch—p. 11, col. 1. l. 16, for we love to be particular—there is a very curious misprint which well illustrates the exalted temperature, atmospheric and political, of the moment. Mr. Punch is there made, by his faithless printer, to refer to Mr. Bright's "recent political turn-about-face." Now we can imagine a serious and earnest person—hot weather is always a dreadful trial to serious and earnest persons—going about with his *Punch* in one hand and the other pressed to his heated brow. "*Punch*," he says, "tells me that John Bright has recently made a political turn-about-face—John Bright, who has never changed an opinion (more's the pity) for about fifty years, and whose opinions on Home Rule a year ago were the same as Mr. Punch's and Yours, and Mine, and everybody else's except Mr. John Morley's. Mr. Bright's recent political turn-about-face! What about the recent geographical turn-about-face of the Land's End?" And he goes on feeling his head, and quite forgetting that, as we have pointed out, this remarkable phrase is evidently a misprint or a slip of the pen for "recent political"—something quite different, though what does not at all matter.

And really it is not wonderful that any one, contributor, compositor, or what not, should make lapses of pens and confusions of letters in such a time of Topsy-turvydom as this. Here is Mr. Herbert Gladstone going about, by his own account, "knocking nails into coffins" ("Now we're making them spin," said the fly), and by other people's accounts showing that he has been listening at Cabinet keyholes and prying into the papers on his father's desk without any rebuke from the said father. Here is Mr. Gladstone *père* writing to Sir Robert Peel, that ex-Liberal, ex-Tory, ex-everything sinner over whom there is such joy in Gladstonia, as if Sir Robert Peel had never used certain language about Mr. Gladstone himself, and commending him for the "sacrifice" he makes in prudently absenting himself from the bottom of the poll at Blackburn. Here is Mr. Gladstone again writing letters and telegrams of the most wonderful history, delivering speeches of the most wonderful sentiment, that man ever heard or read. And, most bewildering of all to a weak head, here is Mr. Parrell mildly journeying from Dan to Beersheba, and

assuring Israelites without guile (uncommonly free from guile indeed) that, if ever there was a great and saintly old man in this world, it is Mr. William Ewart Gladstone. What wonder, we ask once more, that the contributor or compositor to *Punch* the esteemed got muddled, even more muddled than a person once commemorated by *Punch* himself, so as to entirely confuse the relations between Mr. Bright and surrounding objects! "Houshes all going round," said the original Victim; "wait till m'housh comes round to me." "Mshr. Bright turning about, shee'm turning distinctly," says the contributor or compositor, but he had not, like his prototype, the wisdom to wait till Mr. Bright came round again. For which, no doubt, the venerable *Punch* will duly wig him.

Duly; but mildly, for really it is very puzzling. The excuses are considerable. By dint of "abstaining from literature" as sternly as did the late lamented and very badly used Mr. Grandcourt, a man of ordinary mould may get through the clatter and the patter of the remarkable people who are making out that white is black, and that they always knew it, very well of course. By having a very strong head inside and much power outside of it, he may, if he does not meet too many Gladstonian roughs, preserve his senses. But, if he exposes himself to the pelting of the pitiless storm which is now beating from Topsytrurvyland and converting great part of the Isle of Britain into a mere province of that Empire, he is in much danger of at least temporary insanity. Such a Victim, figuratively speaking, puts his hat upon his head, and goes into the Strand. That is to say, he takes a file of daily papers. There meets him that experienced politician, Mr. Oscar Browning, who asks him, "Do we or do we not place confidence in the Irish people?" And he says, being as yet a man in possession of his senses, "Well no, I rather think we don't." But he has scarcely said this (and thereby incurred the undying disapproval of Mr. Oscar Browning, whose motto is, "If you see a murderer, trust him"), when he is met by the United Kingdom Alliance, who tell him that it is not a question of trusting persons like the late Mr. Brady at all, but one of temperance, and temperance only. This is again not the opinion of "the Council of the Metropolitan Radical Federation, which embraces forty of the largest Working Men's Clubs in London." The C. M. R. F., unwearied by its labours in embracing the forty large Clubs, poses the question squarely, and says that "for centuries the British ruling classes have robbed, insulted, and oppressed Ireland," treating their own countrymen, "as far as they dared, in the same spirit." The ruling classes are "political bandits"—all, no doubt, with two-inch tails. And the C. M. R. F. departs, embracing the forty Clubs, and sure that it has settled the question to the Victim's satisfaction. Then he meets Mr. Labouchere, who tells him that Mr. Bright "started with political ideas which he has stuck to all his life" ("and *Punch* says he has made a political turn-about-face!" moans Miserimus). A gleam of comfort he finds in Mr. Page Hopps's reminder that any little trifle of money would be uncommonly useful to an intelligent person. This is human and natural; for a moment the Victim comes out of the realm of Topsytrurvydom. But that malign power marks him for its own again when he finds Mr. Gladstone writing to Dr. Foster that he thinks the Duke of Westminster, on the whole, a perfect character in all points of conduct, but still he must hint that the Duke sold his party twenty years ago and is selling it again now. Then he hears the sweet voice of Mr. Parnell saying that "this battle is being waged against Ireland by a class of landlords," and of course by those noted friends and agents of landlords, Messrs. Bright, Chamberlain, Collings, & Co. Nor is his despondency likely to be lessened by the mysterious statement of Sir Charles Dilke that "there is not likely to be a clear majority in either direction"—which way madness seems to lie—or by the singular confusion into which that once not unintelligent person appears to have fallen as to the Royal Standard and the Union Jack. And in his weakened state of mind he will probably be more terrified than amused by the still more wonderful assertion of Dr. Aubrey, Gladstonian candidate for Somewhere, that "people are always being led away by verbal bogeys." Of a bogey as a deterrent we have heard, and the Victim has probably heard; but the notion of a bogey (a verbal bogey too!) as something which leads away is both novel and terrific. "People Led Away by Verbal Bogeys" is a subject for a good-sized gallery picture which would have commended itself to the great Wieritz, and to which perhaps he only could have done justice. "Lead, kindly bogey, lead thy Aubrey home," is probably Dr. Aubrey's version in different metre of a famous hymn. But, after Dr. Aubrey had thus made the bogey a leader, he made it a horse ("new bogeys were always being trotted out"), and after he had trotted it out, lo! it became "a scooped turnip on the top of a stick." Fancy a bogey that can lead, that can be trotted out, and that is at the same time a scooped turnip on the top of a stick! What a Protean bogey! The "honest and earnest factor" of Mr. Spicer, Gladstonian candidate for the persons who killed Mr. Lluellyn, is not quite such a dreadful thing as Dr. Aubrey's compound bogey *à tout faire*; but still he is dreadful enough. And the Victim has hardly recovered from him when he is informed by the organ of Gladstonianism that Mr. Hilary Skinner in the Strand puts his trust in the Rev. Stewart Headlam, the Irish vote, and the loan of conveyances. In his *signis vincet Skinner*, and is not in the least ashamed of them.

To a Victim in this dilapidated and bemused condition all things, even the statement that Mr. Bright has made a political

volteface, might be possible, even if he had not (which, by the way, he could not have, so he will have no claim to the mitigation of Mr. Punch's wrath on this score) read Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Sydney Buxton, who is, as Mr. Punch would himself say, the popular Liberal candidate—that is, the Liberal candidate for Poplar. In this remarkable document the history—it is chockfull of history—is such as to make Mr. Frederic Harrison wince and Mr. Walter Wren stare. The account of the Grattan Parliament is in one sense, though not in another, like the roly-poly pudding which Mrs. Gray made. "It is too good," and the rest is much like unto it. Every twenty lines or so comes the word "shame," "shameful means," "shamefully neglected," "old shame of the country." And the Victim, pelted with these hard words, remembers suddenly that Mr. Gladstone has been fifty years a politician, forty years on and off a Minister, nearly twenty years on and off a Prime Minister, and has never said one single word, never done one single thing, to do away with this shame until he found that he could not get a majority big enough to outvote Conservatives and Parnellites alike. No wonder if it is too much for him. No wonder if to dwell in the tents of Topsytrurvyland a little unhinges him. We should not like to be one of the persons who are shaved by other persons just now, unless we were quite sure that the operator never read a newspaper or was a man of exceptional firmness of mind and clearness of head. A slip—much more unpleasant than this harmless misprint of Mr. Punch's—might take place.

All the minor topsyturvifications, indeed, of this topsyturvised world grow small beside the one great topsyturvyfying implied in the fact that there actually are Englishmen, in other respects honourable and not unintelligent Englishmen, who are deliberately taking part in this transformation of England into Topsytrurvydom, deliberately voting for entrusting Irish sheep to Parnellite wolves, deliberately consenting to set up a system the craziest in itself and the most certain to topple disastrously down against the fabric of English prosperity that the imagination of man could contrive. But into this question it would be wrong to lead our poor Victim, already driven nearly crazy with Mr. Gladstone's history and Sir Charles Dilke's flag-lore, with Dr. Aubrey's leading, trotting, scooped-out bogeys, and Mr. Spicer's honest earnest factors. For ourselves we can bear it all, though we can conceive a state of things we should like much better—a state in which certain persons would get their deserts rapidly and richly. But that state is not yet, though, whatever the result of this present election, it must come sooner or later.

DR. MARTINEAU ON RELIGIOUS COMPREHENSION.

DR. MARTINEAU has lost no time in following up the curious paper on "the Extension of the Church of England" by his friend, Sir George Cox, in last month's *Contemporary Review* with another of his own on the same congenial theme. Their aim is of course identical, but while the second advocate of this peculiar form of ecclesiastical Home Rule does not even touch on any of the obvious difficulties and objections suggested in our criticism of the first, he takes the opportunity, as we shall presently see, of "dotting the i's and stroking the t's," and by defining more precisely what Sir George had left to be inferred, makes the scheme more conspicuously impracticable—nothing but our respect for the high character and repute of its twin authors hinders our adding more conspicuously absurd. Dr. Martineau's argument however takes a somewhat broader range, and though it ends like his, with the "unconditional" equalization of the ancient minster and the newly enfranchised Ebenezer, it begins with a comprehensive survey, from an ingeniously unhistorical standpoint, of the universal history of Christendom. Why indeed we are only to include "the entire Christian thought and life of the nation in the National Church," not its entire religious life, or where the line between the two is to be drawn, Dr. Martineau no more attempts to explain than Sir G. Cox; it is clearly not to be drawn at Socinianism, for the new Church, we are expressly told, "will admit the Papist and the Socinian," though the writer can hardly be unaware—strangely ignorant as he appears to be of all phases of "religious thought" but his own—that "the Papist" would scornfully decline, without thanks, the privilege of admission into his happy family. Of course the Papist would be quite wrong, but he would err, if not in good, in very considerable company, on Dr. Martineau's own showing, for "the whole mind of Christendom" from the first has unhappily been "possessed by the preconception of one stereotyped form of supernatural institution," and of securing a certain "uniformity of thought" or faith in the Church, which is in truth an unintermittent error of Christians dating from the death of Christ. He indeed was content with a faith which was "the transfusion of His own"—whatever that may mean—and bade His disciples love God and their neighbour, no matter what they believed. But "no sooner was He gone from the world" than His Church perversely proceeded at once to discard this moral rule, and in place of it constructed "a tight-rope of slippery propositions"—i.e. creeds—and told her children that, if only thou wilt "walk that mile of tight-rope with steady foot . . . thou shalt be saved." Certainly there has always been supposed to be high authority for affirming that our Lord not only bade His disciples love God and their neighbour, but also said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." On the other hand the

Church, in that very formulary which is so particularly obnoxious to men of Dr. Martineau's school, and which he has gone out of his way to stigmatize as "a tissue of scholastic incredibilities"—but which greater men even than Dr. Martineau have described as "a psalm or hymn of praise, of confession, and of profound, self-prostrating homage, parallel to the canticles of the elect in the Apocalypse"—the Church expressly declares that "they that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire." However Dr. Martineau assures us that Christ would have nothing to do with belief, and the Church, since His departure, will have nothing to do with practice; and of course he must know best:—

No sooner was He gone from the world than men began to turn from His inward *Religion* to speculate about the composition of His *Person*, and thence start question after question on the inscrutable mysteries of the Godhead; in the impossible solution of which interest was more and more concentrated, and the moral and spiritual influence of the Founder prejudiced if not lost.

The reference is evidently to the four great Councils of the early centuries, to which we owe the Nicene Creed and some other definitions commonly believed—and not at all exclusively by narrow dogmatists, Anglican or Roman—to have preserved Christianity from relapsing into Paganism. Suffice it here to cite the testimony of so unimpeachable a witness as Carlyle, who had once been disposed to laugh aloud over Gibbon's famous sneer about the Christian world wrangling over "the difference of a single diphthong." Mr. Froude records how, when he read Gibbon again in later life, "he told me now that he perceived *Christianity itself* to have been at stake. If the Arians had won, it would have dwindled away into a legend."

From his bird's-eye view of Church history in general Dr. Martineau passes on to the history of the Anglican Church, which is no doubt open to his charge of following the same "fatal misdirection" exemplified in the course of Christendom from the beginning; in other words the Anglican, like the Universal Church, has fallen into the fatal error of making some common profession of belief a condition of Church membership. But while fully admitting this indictment so far, Dr. Martineau's way of stating his case strikes us as so paradoxical that we feel sorely puzzled as to where he can have studied his English Church history. We read for instance:—

The first Service Book (1549) of Edward the Sixth could not be upheld for more than two years. The second (1552), though enforced by penalties of imprisonment, and, in obstinate cases, of death, was modified in 1559 to suit the orthodoxy of Queen Elizabeth; and again in 1604 to satisfy the infallibility of James the First.

That the First Book of Edward "could not be upheld for more than two years" appears to mean—and indeed the argument requires it to mean—that the Protestantism of the nation rebelled against it, and demanded a further advance in the same direction. Yet in these days "every schoolboy knows" that the precise opposite is the fact. The Second Book was substituted for the First simply because Craumer and his associates had themselves moved further in the Protestant direction, and the only difficulty in "upholding" the First Book was, not that it did not go far enough, but that it went much too far for the national temper of the day, and hence it provoked the Pilgrimage of Grace and the rising in Cornwall, which had to be cruelly stamped out by the help of foreign mercenaries. And then as to the Sacred Book being "enforced by penalties of imprisonment, and, in obstinate cases, of death," Dr. Martineau is evidently ignorant of the fact that it was only in use at all for about six months before Edward's death, and probably then nowhere except in London and one or two of the larger towns. Still more marvellous is his presentation of ecclesiastical events a century later:—

During the Commonwealth samples might be found, in the different parishes of England, of the High Church, the Geneva, and the Congregational order of worship, all in the suspense of a truce, and each in the hopes of victory. After the Restoration the palm was awarded, by royal faithlessness and ritual prejudice, to the sacerdotal party; the Book of Common Prayer was re-instated in obligatory use, after being subjected, in its rubrics and its substantive contents, to more than six hundred alterations, framed with a view not to facilitate union but to render it impossible; and the Act which accomplished this vindictive reaction remains—shameful to say—the constitutive charter of the "Church of England" to this day! It instantly consolidated disaffection into schism, making outcasts of two thousand of the clergy with their adherents who could not be brought to play the hypocrite.

What can he possibly mean by "the High Church order of worship" being tolerated under the Commonwealth? Does he not know that the use of the Prayer-book was forbidden under heavy penalties, and made in extreme cases a capital offence? Evelyn records in his Diary how on one occasion, when he and a few friends were kneeling at the altar to receive Communion after the Anglican rite in a private house, a band of soldiers tracked them out and pointed their bayonets at them. That hardly looks like "a truce" for "the High Church order of worship." And as to awarding the palm to the sacerdotal party, that is simply Nonconformist jargon for restoring the Episcopal Church, to which nine-tenths of the nation at the time belonged. Nor can Dr. Martineau be ignorant that the 2,000 unordained intruders who were—most reasonably—expelled from the usurped positions for which they, conscientiously no doubt, refused to qualify themselves were less than a third of the 7,000 regular incumbents illegally ejected some ten years before from their lawful cures because they refused to "play the hypocrite."

So much for Dr. Martineau's review of the past, but his comments on the existing situation are, if possible, still more extraordinary:—

I do not say that a clergyman may not give forth the services throughout the year with heart and soul behind each word; but, in order to do so, his understanding must belong to the sixteenth century and his affections only to the nineteenth.

Why so? The greater part of the Prayer-book offices dates in substance rather from the sixth century than the sixteenth, but let that pass. To say that nobody can honestly use them whose understanding is not three centuries behind the age must mean, if it means anything but bunkum, that to believe what has been generally believed throughout Christendom from the Apostles' days to our own is to be entirely behind the age. Possibly; but that is not self-evident. The Prayer-book services—the Articles are not here in question—contain nothing but what was almost universally believed by Christians up to the sixteenth century. No doubt modern Dissenters might desire a "less Sacramentarian Liturgy," by which is presumably meant less sacramental—Dr. Martineau ought to know that "Sacramentarian" means Zwinglian—but to say that a believer in Sacraments is hopelessly behind his age is at least rather a sweeping assertion. We quite agree with the writer that the reform he advocates is in one sense "very simple, but very large." It is certainly "very large," and it is also "very simple" in the sense that it is a very simple process to insert a negative in the creeds. "Instead of insisting on uniformity, we must welcome variety," and "leave to Rome, if she must persist in her old ways [as she assuredly will], to reproach us with our 'variations.'" At all events we are obliged to Dr. Martineau for explaining quite distinctly what his Anglican collaborator had been content to imply—that Dissenting ministers of all sects—for it would be quite impracticable to discriminate between older and newer ones, as he seems to wish—are to share all offices and emoluments of the Established Church, bishoprics included, *without any fresh ordination or subscription*.

If the proposed act of adoption is to accomplish its end, it must be unconditional; each Nonconformist body which has stood the test of time and acquired an historic place being taken just as it is, without disturbance to its orders, its disciplinary usages, its forms of worship, its subsidiary institutions and endowments. Its chapels would be entered on the register of Church of England places of worship. Its ministers' names would appear in the Clergy List, and to every person there mentioned all pulpits would be legally open, and preferment in the Episcopal branch of the Church accessible in every degree.

That is intelligible anyhow. But marvellous as is Dr. Martineau's misreading of ecclesiastical history, his misreading of the present condition of religious thought in England is still more inexplicable. He expressly assures his readers that, in accepting the "very large" revolutionary programme just quoted, "no sacrifice is asked from the Anglican clergyman of any personal convictions or ecclesiastical preference," because he may still be episcopally ordained if he can find a bishop to ordain him, and use the Anglican Liturgy—with "vestments, postures, and processions," and all the rest of it—if he can manage to square his "local Church Council" on the matter; though, by the way, the liturgy is to be henceforth "silent about absolution, and freer from obsolete turns of thought," like the statements of the Athanasian Creed, for instance. He will only be required no longer to disown the ecclesiastical equality of those [ministers] who decline it [the "Ordination rite"] and enter by another door." That is to say, he will "only" be required to acknowledge that to be a matter of perfect indifference which he has hitherto been accustomed to regard, in accordance with the immemorial Christian tradition, as an essential condition of the existence of the Visible Church, and the validity of its ordinances. We are not now discussing the right and wrong of the matter. Dr. Martineau's estimate of the value of "Sacramentarian" rites may be the true and the Anglican the false one, as far as our present point is concerned. But that he should fail to discern the supreme absurdity of telling his Anglican friends that in substituting his estimate for their own—which they necessarily must do, if his scheme is to be carried out at all—they are "not asked to sacrifice any personal convictions or ecclesiastical preference," and "may retain and profess every article of their present orthodoxy," betrays so grotesque an *ignoratio elenchi*, if we may be allowed the term, as severely to strain our faith in his seriousness of purpose. On one point we are happy to be able to agree with Dr. Martineau, in thinking it would be a great misfortune "to alienate" to secular purposes "the vast property accumulated through past ages for the spiritual culture of our people." But if our choice is to lie, as he intimates, between a disestablished Church and "an established chaos," we should be compelled, however regretfully, to acquiesce in the lesser of two evils.

THE RETURN FROM MONTE VERGINE.

NOT long ago we described the pilgrimage to Monte Vergine, and we have now to speak of the return from that pilgrimage.

For some Neapolitans the descent of Monte Vergine is by far the most important moment of the year. There are musicians in the city who, though they are entirely ignorant of what they call "philosophical music," are perfectly able to write and to set a single song. Their great purpose is to bring their work into the mouth of the people; their great opportunity the Whitsuntide

pilgrimage. Months beforehand they seek among their friends for such as have suitable voices; if their means allow, they hire others. All these are carefully drilled, and when the time has come they start for Monte Vergine. Hitherto they have kept words and melody as secret as possible; but as soon as the descent begins they strike up, and sing them to the best of their ability. Rival bands of a similar character do the same for other works. The crowd listens, and picks up the tune that pleases it best. At first there is usually a considerable contention, one party preferring the one song and the other the other; but before the foot of the mountain is reached, two or three generally predominate. These are tried and retied at the various tables, and afterwards on the various vehicles by which the parties return, until at last an informal selection is made. This is the acknowledged masterpiece of the year, though it takes its name from another festival—that of S. Maria Piedigrotta. For weeks nothing else will be heard in the streets and taverns of Naples. It will be broken on the hoarse throats of all the street singers, tortured on every discordant guitar, and finally racked on such barrel-organs as aspire to the credit of novelty. Such is success, such popular fame.

Some of the songs deserve a better fate. "Santa Lucia" has been an instrument of such uninterrupted torture to all the dwellers in Naples for the last fifteen years, at least, that it is difficult to speak of it with either justice or charity; but the "Te voglio bene assai," which brought a ray of comfort to Settembrini in his prison, still retains much of its charm. Even the "Fenesta che lucive," one of the most touching of all the popular songs of Southern Italy, is said to have been first produced and accepted in the manner above described. Of late years, either the talent of the composers or the taste of the populace seems to have suffered a change for the worse, for both the words and the music of the later songs are in the highest degree trivial.

But we are forgetting the pilgrims. As soon as they have eaten and drunk their fill, they give themselves up to every kind of amusement. Improvisatore vies with improvisatore, and buffoon challenges buffoon. Everywhere there is music, and everywhere the younger part of the crowd are dancing; indeed, on such occasions women of more than seventy are frequently tempted to show how the tarantella was danced in the high tide of their youth. Then some accident gives the signal for departure; and in the old days the Car of Franciscane was once more the centre of attraction. Sixteen of the girls which it bore played the tambourine, and ten struck time with their castanets, while the other ten sang, and an eager crowd danced wildly round the car. Emanuele Bidera, from whose paper on the subject, published in 1857, many particulars as to the older customs of the festival have been taken, believed it was a distinct reminiscence of that of Latona.

As soon as the start is really made, the drivers drive even more furiously than they have hitherto danced. The very animals seem to share the exuberant spirits of the hour. Without any provocation horses race with horse and donkey with donkey, until even the hired coachmen, regardless alike of the feelings of the beasts entrusted to their care and the interest of their masters, shout, yell, knock, and use their whips in a way which would, in England, soon land them in a police-court. The first part of the return journey is a wild scamper, which, among the foremost, lasts till Nola is reached. Here a pause for the night is usually made. The town has put on its most festive appearance, and is better able than Avellino to afford room and amusement for the guests; but by this time the excursionists are tired out, their one desire is to sleep, and so their noise is soon hushed into a silence that is only broken by the arrival of belated stragglers.

On the following morning, after Mass has been heard, the return journey is resumed. The jests of yesterday are repeated, and an attempt is made to recall its high spirits; but even a Neapolitan crowd may become exhausted, and it is only the young who enter upon the diversions of the third day with real zest. No outward sign of joy or provocation to mirth is wanting. The villages and towns through which the irregular procession passes have all made holiday and decorated themselves in honour of the pilgrims. They all have their peculiar customs. In S. Anastasia, for example, the girls have from time immemorial placed roses in the water with which they intend to wash themselves on the morning of the festival, and allowed it to stand all night in the open air. On Whit Monday they drive out in cars and carriages decorated with roses and myrtle to meet the pilgrims of Monte Vergine. Then a pause is made, and both parties together visit the church of the Madonna dell' Arco.

There are other stations on the way of which it is hardly necessary to speak. By the time that the excursionists return to the city one would think that the most eager devotee of noise, of driving, and of pleasure must be satisfied, particularly as a certain weariness seems to pervade the whole of the third day; and many, in fact, steal away to their homes as soon as an opportunity offers. The others, however, bait their horses and refresh themselves for the conclusion of the feast. This consists in a wild drive through the whole of that part of Naples which faces the sea to the Posilipo. In the little taverns there the last meal is eaten and the coachmen are paid. This return of the pilgrims is a sight that may be seen with little trouble and expense, but which is worth seeing. The carriages are decorated with prints of the "swothy Madonna," with flowers and the branches of trees; the men outdo each other in their antics; the women are clad in dresses of considerable value, but also of the most incredible

colours. A light green silk with rose-coloured sleeves may be pardoned, as it has a certain legendary significance; but here more than all the tints of the rainbow are to be seen in impossible combinations.

A pilgrimage to Monte Vergine is by no means a cheap amusement. If a family hire a two-horse carriage, it can hardly be done with any comfort for less than from four to five hundred lire—that is to say, from sixteen to twenty pounds. Besides this, the mother and the marriageable daughters have to be supplied with three new dresses apiece, one for each day of the outing; the more wealthy demand a fourth for the entry into Naples. All these differ in cut and material, and have to be made in exact accordance with the latest fashion which has penetrated into the lower middle class. On the other hand, wild as the merriment is, it seems to lead to remarkably few excesses. Lovers when binding the broom, which is the symbol of their future union, may give or steal a kiss—that is nearly all. The kissing games of English Sunday-schools are entirely unknown. They would offend the delicacy of Neapolitan lazzaroni, who are doubtless ready enough to give or take kisses, but prefer to do so in private, and cruelly deny the same privilege to their sisters and daughters.

This sketch refers to the festival as it was some time ago, rather than as it is to-day, and a few details which belong to a still earlier period have been inserted, partly from the reminiscences of earlier pilgrims, and partly from the paper to which reference has already been made. A great change is passing over this, like most other Neapolitan customs. The old cars and waggons drawn by bullocks which used to form so picturesque a part in the procession have almost entirely disappeared, or only join and leave it at distant points. The new railway to Avellino will most likely in a few years deprive the festival of many of the characteristic features that still remain. The field-fires of Mercogliano and the rose and myrtle wreathed carriages of S. Anastasia will soon probably vanish into the dreamland to which Franciscane, his car, his oxen, and his maidens, have already gone. Then it will be easier to visit the shrine, and less worth one's while to do so. The sacred picture will still remain, and so will Manfred's empty tomb and chapel; but one of the most ancient and popular of the festivals of Naples will have lost its peculiar charm, even if it has not been done away with for ever.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN HORSEMANSHIP.

THE camera has destroyed many agreeable fancies regarding the motions of "that noble animal," the horse. The charger no longer dashes into the thickest of the fray by "a series of quick and graceful bounds," but ignobly propels its weight over the stiffened fore-legs used like "the spokes of a wheel." The leap of the racing thoroughbred, by which it was supposed to cover a distance of twenty feet, proves to be but a momentary interval between the time the horse leaves the ground from a stilt-like fore-leg until the weight is received by the opposite hind-leg, in which the animal is carried through a space that is seldom much greater than the length of its rider's whip. The "clever hunter" no longer takes a four-foot hedge "in the stride of its gallop," for we know now that such a spring cannot be taken from the fore-legs, and that, like the least clever of its race, "it must clear the obstacle by a spring from the hind-quarters." Even in the slower and more languid movements, although in these we do not find so many disappointments, the most graceful animal has positions that are far from graceful; and, after an inspection of the "instantaneous" photographs of the horse in motion, we are disposed to speak more respectfully of the mode of locomotion adopted by the swan on a turnpike-road.

On the other hand, these pictures have compensations to offer in place of the illusions they have dispelled. It is important that we should know how the horse moves in the different paces, as such knowledge suggests the way in which these paces may be improved. It is important that we should know how the horse breaks from one pace into another, in order that such changes may be encouraged or repressed. It is also important that we should know how the horse leaps, what are its motions in its resistances, how it takes the leads in the gallop, and, where there are suspicions of unsafe action, how it brings its feet to the ground. All of these things, and more, we can learn with certainty only from the photographs; and they can be of aid even in teaching how to sit upon and control the horse.

Whether Muybridge, who conducted the experiments undertaken upon so large a scale by Governor Stanford, or the German author Adam, whose work appeared in 1882, or some unnamed genius, was the first to photograph the moving horse we cannot say. But, by reason of the completeness of the apparatus employed, the number of horses that were at his disposal, and the great variety of pictures that were published, the work of the first named is by far the most valuable and satisfactory. A battery of twenty-four cameras, with intervals of one foot, gave Muybridge pictures of the horse in almost every possible position in nearly every pace and action. The walk, the trot, the canter, the racing pace, jumping, &c., with the peculiarities of motion that might be found among a great number of horses, were faithfully and minutely rendered. But it is strange that in such a collection of pictures there is not a single example of the ordinary gallop of three beats—the pace that lies between the canter and racing speed—or of the changes of lead in the gallop. Quick-

acting shutters are now so cheap and so easily procured that photographing the moving horse is of everyday occurrence, and the gallop of three beats is as well known as the walk or the trot. It was not until March of the present year that photographs showing the changes of lead in the gallop were secured, when a number of pictures representing the horse in various positions of the movement were taken in Germany.

We have shown some of the uses of photography in horsemanship, but it would be difficult to indicate what the limits of such uses may be in the future. As we have suggested, the defective action of a horse can be readily detected in a photograph, and perhaps the day may come when the dealer will be required to furnish a picture of the animal he offers for sale, as he would now give a "warranty." The fox-hunter compelled through age and honourable wounds to give up his favourite sport may console himself by gazing upon the portrait of himself and his horse as they were caught by the camera in the act of clearing the park-palings that pounded the field. To the rider and to the trainer the photographs of the horse in motion must prove of great value, and many things in the art of horsemanship which heretofore could have been arrived at only after long-continued tentative experiments will easily be made clear through the aid of the photographer.

These pictures of the horse in action can be taken without difficulty at no great cost. An ordinary apparatus, with a lens of fairly good quality, and a shutter that is acted upon by a strong elastic band or a steel spring, will suffice. The sole secret in the operation is to have the horse as far away from the camera as is consistent with a clear view of the animal, so that in accordance with perspective laws the effect of motion on the plate is diminished. The pictures thus taken can be enlarged in reproduction, if it be desired, and they can be multiplied very cheaply by the "autotype" or kindred processes.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION. THE WEST INDIAN COURT.

II.

AS one enters the West Indian Court from the northern side, the keynote is at once struck by a small compartment on the right, consisting entirely of sugar-canes exhibited by the Anglo-Continental Guano Company, and grown by the help of their manures in all parts of the Empire. These do not strike us as particularly fine specimens, but they are sufficient to show how this wonderful plant is able to adapt itself to different degrees of heat and rainfall, to flourish through the droughts of Queensland and the downpours of Penang as well as in the varying amount of moisture it obtains in the West Indian islands. This trustworthiness of the cane is the cause of the pertinacity with which its cultivation is maintained by the planters in spite of the fierce competition of European beet-sugar aided by bounties, and explains why it still holds its own over other products which the climate is also capable of producing. At first sight it would appear that Trinidad, whose court is on the opposite side, had abandoned everything in favour of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters; but when the formidable case which contains these stimulants of a jaded appetite is passed, it will be found that besides sugar, and its concomitants rum, molasses, &c., Trinidad has a most interesting and varied show. Few of the islands possess such natural beauty of scenery and vegetation, and though photographs are inadequate to express the colouring of the tropics, it is worth while to linger over these, for they are artistically and carefully taken. The planting of cocoa has much extended of late years, and now occupies nearly half the acreage of the sugar-cane; the samples of this and of prepared chocolate are very numerous, and there is every reason to hope that the industry will become more developed and profitable as the consumption in England yearly increases. Cigars, too, are being gradually improved in manufacture, and have lately met with a ready sale, while coffee is also cultivated in suitable localities. It is clear, therefore, that Trinidad does not mean to be reproached with being at the mercy of the fortunes of a single product. The next few years will probably see a great development in the utilization of the asphalt from the Pitch Lake, which even now contributes to the income of the island; and something might be done in the exportation of its timber; no fewer than 235 varieties of its woods are shown in the Exhibition, many of them of great beauty. Soap, honey, fibres, and lime-juice should not be passed over, nor that most common of all panaceas, "a certain cure for corns."

Totally different is the show of the Bahama Islands, which occupies the next bays of the section. Other colonies depend upon the land for their products; but the Bahamas lay the seas under contribution, and draw their chief spoils from it. The Executive Commissioner, Mr. Adderley, shows a magnificent collection of pink pearls, some in their natural state, others set with pearls and diamonds. They are found in the conch-shells which abound on the coast, and are of every shade, from the palest to the deepest pink; they are exported to the amount of about 3,000*l.* per annum, besides the value of the conch-shells themselves, which are used in Italy for cameos. After the Fisheries Exhibition of 1883, it occurred to Mr. Adderley that, with the materials on the spot, something ought to be done towards teaching the natives to carve cameos. Accordingly a School of Art was established at Nassau, with a competent Italian master, and the result is apparent in carvings which give promise of future

excellence, and in many tasteful objects which are made from the pink shell. Sponge is another feature of the court, and forms a considerable item of the revenue of the islands, about 6,000*l.* worth being exported annually. A bold attempt has been made to popularize the Gorgonias or sea-fans, which abound here; they are pressed into various shapes, as coverings for hand-bags, baskets, cosies, and the like, and, under the auspices of a West End artiste, have been transformed into hats and bonnets. The star-fish coral and shell-work make a goodly show; and, if it were not for the beautiful paintings by Mrs. Blake of the Bahama flowers close by in the gallery, we should be tempted to forget that there were any products of the soil. Specimens of tobacco, cigars, and preserved fruits are, however, exhibited; but apparently the tastes or interests of the inhabitants lie in the direction of their maritime wares, for, although the soil and climate are suitable for the growth of fruit, cotton, and fibrous plants, labour and perseverance are at present wanting to develop the importance of these exports.

Crossing the picture gallery, we come to the space allotted to Jamaica, and here once more the sea gives place to the land. The manufacture of sugar has much improved of late years, and some good samples are shown, though not superior to those of other colonies. Jamaica rum, however, still holds the supremacy, and there is a wonderful display of it in this court of all ages and colours, from the purest white to the darkest tawny. Coffee, pimento, cinchona, spices, and starches are shown; but there is little attempt to display the fruits which now form a considerable item of export to the American market. Canada has shown us in this Exhibition how beautifully fruits can be preserved in syrup, and those of the tropics treated in this way would have been both decorative and instructive. Unhappily the West Indian mind seems content to reproduce them in wax, and there are some hideous examples of this mistaken art scattered through the section. The D'Oyleys and fans of Jamaica ferns pasted on the fibre of the lace-palm are now becoming well known in England, as they deserve to be, and some beautiful specimens are shown. On the opposite side, in the Grenada Court, is an exhibit of Jamaica which recalls to us the lively interest once taken by England in West Indian affairs; it is a sword of honour which bears the inscription—"Presented to Lord Crawford and Balcarres by the City of London in recognition of his services in the Maroon War."

Barbados occupies a much smaller space than its neighbour, but it makes a very neat show nevertheless. Sugar-canes are the dominant feature, two fine "stools" flanking the bays at the entrance, and cut canes being grouped round the central support of the court. Sugar is shown in various forms, and is conveniently placed both for the eye and for the nose, for Barbados prides itself on the sweetness of its cane-juice, and is only too delighted to invite comparison with its mortal enemy the beet. Two curious maps hang on the walls; one of them Ligon's, who was on the island from 1647 to 1650. This Exhibition, by-the-by, has solved the long-rexed question of the earliest mention of Barbados, for it figures in the second Borgia Map, begun in the first years of the sixteenth century, as "*La barbada*," and this is almost certainly copied from Alexander VI.'s first map of 1494. A limb of the bearded fig-tree from which it is generally believed the island derived its name hangs in the inner court. Like the Bahamas, Barbados makes a display of its marine specimens, and some pink pearls are also shown, as well as many varieties of coral, for which the island is famous; pretty ornaments are made of the green-pea and rice shells. There are many attempts at works of art and ornament, in which no little skill is shown, the most successful being the sprays of flowers made from the leaves of the Spanish needle; but in these and similar efforts the want of a School of Art is felt to direct the taste of the artificers into worthier channels. In the matter of pickles and preserves, however, Barbados may claim to make the best display in the section, and the sale of these in the colonial market should lead to a strong development of this minor branch of trade. There are several exhibits which might prove of great value to the island if further experiments were made on them during the progress of the Exhibition—*e.g.* the manjack, or bituminous coal, the green tar, or crude petroleum, the infusorial earth, or Barbados tripolite, and the excellent fibre produced from the *Agave Americana*. Some good pieces of the woods of the island are shown, but if this led to even a moderate order we fear that Barbados would be puzzled how to meet it. We must not omit mention of a specimen of the very rare *Holopus rangi*, lent by Sir Rawson Rawson, formerly Governor of the island, which is shown in the same jar with an example of the *Pentacrinus muelleri*.

British Honduras, our sole settlement in Central America, is included in this section; the colony depends chiefly on its mahogany and logwood, and, besides samples of its magnificent woods, has little to display. These, however, have been most effectively arranged, and occupy a space perhaps disproportionate to the importance of the colony. Of the lesser islands it is not necessary to say much. Beyond a feeble joke about the jaws of a Barracouta, St. Vincent contributes little; Grenada shows her fruits in syrup to better advantage than the rest of the section, and there is an historical interest in the silver mace formerly used in her House of Assembly; St. Lucia tries to attract attention by placing a gaily-dressed figure of a black woman at her doors, but exhibits besides some fine samples of sugar from the uaine; Tobago deserves attention for its birds' nests, and Montserrat for

its lime-juice, of which there is a somewhat plaintive account in the official Catalogue; but Antigua makes a most effective display of strings of bright-coloured seeds, crab-eyes, job's tears, jumbies, and the like, which should meet with a ready sale, and find their way into Regent Street shop-windows; many, however, will think that Antigua's most interesting product is the turtle-soup which is to be found in one of Messrs. Spiers & Pond's restaurants. Of course each and every island exhibits sugar and rum, but, except St. Lucia, of inferior quality to those in the courts we have more minutely described.

A dreary tale of depression runs through the descriptive notices of the islands in the Catalogue, and the "Groans of the Plantations" are as loud now as in 1689. In spite of the opinion of British statesmen that Prince Bismarck is ignorant and foolish in this matter, the bounty system continues to flourish; and it is evident that only the strongest of the colonies can stand the struggle to the bitter end. Even these will have to meet the bounties in the only logical way, by the reduction of wages; and great suffering will be caused to the unfortunate negroes in order that the British consumer may have for the moment his sugar unnaturally and artificially cheap. Capital will not flow into colonies the price of whose products does not depend on the laws of supply and demand, but is at the mercy of any country which, as Russia did a few months ago, chooses to grant an enormous bounty for purposes of its own. These islands, it is true, are capable of producing almost anything; but it is hard that their supremacy in sugar should be wrested from them by an inferior article bolstered up by State aid; and any commercial man knows what years it takes to build up a new industry, even in prosperous times. It is on sugar that the population of the West Indies must mainly exist, if they continue to exist, for years to come.

SAMIOTE HOME RULE.

AS Mr. Gladstone has cited Samos amongst other provinces to prove how much advantage Turkey has gained by granting Home Rule, it would be as well to examine carefully the details concerning this instance of autonomy, that we may see what random and absurd parallels the Prime Minister has used to illustrate his arguments. The facts are as follows:—Samos was an uninhabited island two hundred years ago, and a Turkish Aga, noticing its fertility and resources, obtained a firman from the Sultan for its colonization, in which all manner of privileges were granted to induce people to go. By this means the Aga was enabled to collect a large number of colonists from the Peloponnese, from Asia Minor, and other places, all of them Greeks, with the exception of a few Albanians, so that very soon fifteen villages were built and peopled on Samos, and a new race grew up more hardy and enterprising than any of the neighbouring islands. During the lifetime of the Aga, and for the ensuing hundred and fifty years, the Samiotes enjoyed a prosperity which made them the envy of their neighbours, until the period of the Greek revolution came, and it was one of the first acts of Turkey to cancel all the liberties of Samos, and to send a Pasha there to govern them with all the rigour and tyranny which was exercised in the neighbouring provinces.

Samos by nature is admirably suited for revolt; the island is very mountainous, and at the western extremity Mount Kerki rises 4,000 feet out of the sea, and is full of inaccessible caverns and gorges. Hence the Samiotes were amongst the first to join the "Friendly Society," and to raise the standard of revolt. It was the Samiotes who crossed over to Chios, and urged their neighbours to the insurrection which ended in the wholesale massacre of the peaceful Chioties by the Turks, and the utter ruin of the island. The Samiotes from their stronghold made descents on Asia Minor, and carried devastation through the Turkish dominions; and when peace was declared, and Samos, from her geographical position, found herself outside the limits of the new Greek kingdom, the inhabitants refused to recognize the suzerainty of Turkey, as imposed upon them by the Powers. The women and children were removed from the villages, and deposited for safety in the caverns of Mount Kerki, and the inhabitants determined to hold out against the Turks, or to abandon the island altogether. The Turkish fleet made three fruitless attempts to dislodge the rebels; burning the villages, and treating with unheard-of cruelty those Samiotes who fell into their hands; and, whenever the Turkish fleet retired, the rebels came down from Mount Kerki, crossed over to Asia Minor, and devastated the country almost to the walls of Smyrna.

It was under these circumstances that Turkey found the necessity of granting the Samiotes home rule, which has continued now since 1834. A Council of four, elected by the four divisions of the island, governs the country; the Greek code of laws has been adopted; a small annual tribute is paid to Turkey; and a Greek prince is sent from Constantinople as the Turkish representative, whom the Samiotes send away whenever he displeases them.

Mr. Gladstone spoke of the benefit Turkey has received by granting what she could not help, and of the gratitude which the Samiotes show for the liberty they have won by their own bravery; but any one who has resided on the island will soon discover that nowhere is the Turk more cordially detested and despised than here. Many of the Samiote young men belong to the Greek army, and have enrolled themselves as Greek citizens; nowhere is the Festival of Greek Independence (March 26) celebrated with more enthusiasm than here. During this last winter the Samiotes

were only waiting for the declaration of war between Greece and Turkey to unfurl the Greek flag and to send to Greece all the assistance in their power. A party favourable to Turkey does not exist in Samos at all; the point of dispute is between those who propose to surrender themselves unconditionally to the Greek kingdom, and those who wish to maintain the Principality on its present footing, with Greece as the suzerain instead of Turkey. If Mr. Gladstone is reduced to quoting Samos to persuade us of the advantages of giving Home Rule to Ireland, he must indeed be hard up for an argument.

THE PRESERVATION OF WATER-COLOURS.

THE controversy raised on this subject by Mr. J. C. Robinson in the *Times* has furnished occasion for much random assertion, as well as for an interesting exhibition of a popular form of English art. The exhibition is held in the small, and, it must be added, stuffy Council-room of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters in Piccadilly; and the various contributions to the controversy have been collected and reprinted in the Catalogue, with the addition of a preface by the President of the Institute, Sir James Linton, and an "Appendix" by Mr. Ruskin. A careful study of the pictures and the Catalogue together can only leave on an impartial mind the conviction that a question always obscure and difficult has become more embroiled than ever by the means here taken to solve it. The collection, taken in itself, is extremely valuable and interesting, and affords as good an opportunity as any that has of late been held for studying the history of English water-colour. Especially beautiful, as well as numerous, are the contributions of Mr. James Orrock; and there are some painters, as, for instance, George Barret, whose effects both of nature and convention can be studied here in rare abundance as well as in perfection. Cotman is inadequately represented, and Girtin still more so; but the other chief landscape-painters of the school, as John Varley, De Wint, Copley Fielding, and especially David Cox, are in great force; there are a dozen interesting Turners of various periods, two or three brilliant examples of the romantic art of Catmole, and many of the laborious, vivid, and minute *genre* and still-life work of William Hunt. But, attractive as the exhibition thus is to the student, it has not been very judiciously chosen with regard to the particular contention it is designed to enforce. That contention, stated in general terms, is to the effect that water-colour painting may (under glass) be permanently exposed to ordinary light without loss of brilliancy or other evil consequence. Mr. Robinson, Professor Church, and with them not a few of the most experienced collectors and amateurs, maintain, on the other hand, that such exposure in many cases results in ruin. The purpose of the present exhibition is to confute this opinion, and at the same time to quiet the alarms of purchasers, and save the art of water-colour from discredit, by showing how a number of selected examples have practically stood the test. But, for one thing, the actual history of many of these examples, in respect to their mode of custody, is not stated nor apparently known; and of course no valid argument can be drawn from any work concerning which it remains doubtful whether it has, in fact, been continuously exposed to light or not. And, for another thing, the examples, whether they have been so treated or otherwise, are no by means all of them in a state to support the conclusion which they are meant to prove. It may be admitted at once that the majority are in good condition, though as to the extent to which even the best may or may not have been changed by time it is unsafe to dogmatize. The very nature of the case admits of no positive criterion, and all we have to go by is the impression which a given example makes by its present state upon a competent observer, together with the recollection, if any, which he may entertain of its state at a former period. But, granting that such an observer would perceive no evidence of deterioration in most of the works here shown, there are others in which deterioration is undeniable. Such, for example, is the large and fine "Putney Bridge" (121) of De Wint, in which the rapid and smoky pale red of the sky does not correspond to the rich harmony of the general colouring, and is evidently due to a change and evanescence of pigments. Such again is the other De Wint called "Stacking" (14), where the clouds have certainly lost some of their gradation and modellings, and the general colouring has become lowered and yellowed. A similar lowering, yellowing, and rusting is conspicuously observable in the case of the large drawing by John Varley (23), especially in comparison with the brilliantly preserved small examples by the same master, from the collection of Mr. Orrock, which are, as if for the sake of contrast, placed beneath it; and such instances might easily be multiplied. Evidently a better collection for the purpose would have been one containing only examples unquestionably in good condition, and at the same time known to have been long and continuously exposed to the light. Such a collection might, no doubt, have easily been formed by a weeding of these very materials, but even then it would have proved nothing, for it would have been still easier to have formed from the same and other materials a collection of "ghosts" and "wrecks" on which to base a contrary conclusion. The only lesson to be really learnt is that of the uncertainty which hangs over the whole subject. The disputants have made the mistake of treating as obvious and simple, questions which are really very delicate and

complicated. The very terms of the controversy are vague and undefined. Thus, under the general term "fading" are understood phenomena so different and due to such different causes as the mere loss of intensity in passages of bright colour; the process of chemical damage by which one constituent in a wash of mingled tint remains while the other disappears as Indian red is apt to remain in sky-washes and indigo to disappear; the general paling or lowering of all the tints in a picture together, whereby the work loses power without losing harmony; as well as various further degrees of blanching, yellowing, or rusting, with which all students of the art are but too familiar. In these several classes of results, far more careful experiment and scrutiny than have yet been given are necessary in order to ascertain what share is due to the influence of actual sunlight, what to that of mere mitigated daylight, and what, in the case of works imperfectly framed and protected, to atmosphere as distinct from either. In the last-named order of effects, those of yellowing and rusting, much is certainly often due to the deterioration of the paper employed, or to the use of impure paste in mounting.

On the whole, the conclusions to be drawn from the average of the works shown seem to be mainly these. In pictures or passages of especially vivid colour, little in the way of fading need be apprehended—witness the permanence of Cattermole's brilliant touches in costume, and the unaltered harmonies of William Hunt's intricately inlaid stipple-work. But in the delicate broad and thin washes of the landscape-painter, and especially of the earlier and simpler school of landscape-painters before David Cox, changes of various kinds are apt to take place, capriciously, as it would seem, and from various causes, of which long-continued exposure to light is probably one. Pending more accurate experiments, collectors and managers of public institutions will do well to keep their framed drawings rigorously protected from pure sunlight, and not exposed more constantly than is necessary to ordinary daylight; for which purpose they should be covered with blinds or curtains during the long hours of the summer mornings, and generally when the rooms in which they are hung are disused. Also it will probably be well to vary from time to time the drawings exhibited, and to return each occasionally for a period of rest to the drawer or cabinet. But on the question of frames *versus* portfolios, it has to be remembered that a well-framed drawing is secure at least from the effects of atmosphere; while in portfolios it is only by extreme and constant care that risks can be avoided from dust and rubbing.

These modest practical conclusions differ essentially, it will be perceived, from any which have been proclaimed in so sweeping and dogmatic a fashion by the parties to this controversy. Mr. Robinson obviously and grotesquely overshoots his mark when he asserts that "all" the drawings exhibited continuously in the South Kensington Museum have been "more or less irreparably injured." Sir James Linton writes still more wildly when he avers that those collected in his exhibition "are all in a perfect condition, brilliant, unfaded, beyond the contradiction of even Mr. Church or Mr. Robinson." Mr. Ruskin joins in the affray with his authoritative air and his audacity of fence, and is as usual incisive and provocative, felicitously right and preposterously wrong in a breath. Nothing can be juster than his plea for a revival of the charming art, destroyed by photography, of domestic portraiture in water-colour. Nothing can be more absurd to any student acquainted with the modern method and practice of out-door study in oils from nature than his assertion that "a water-colour sketch is—I do not say the readiest—it is the *only* (sic) way of rightly noting effects of light, colour, aerial relation and cloud form rapidly passing, and it is also the only method of giving truthful detail in landscape." The fact is that the oil method, in hands which know how to use it, is as much more rapid and direct as it is truer and richer in result than the other. Indeed, if there is one wish and one reflection which a visit to this exhibition is likely to suggest to the mind of a visitor acquainted with the general effort and achievement of European landscape art, it is the reflection how much greater names might have been left by these English landscape-painters had water-colour not been the "national art" which it is, and the wish that, with their admirable gifts and temperament for their work, they had been compelled to perfect themselves as the modern European and especially the French schools have perfected themselves, in the use, for the expression of all the subtleties of natural effect, of the richer and freer, more powerful, and more assuredly permanent medium.

COMIC OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

THE theatrical manager is likely to do ill if he have not a knowledge of what may be called first principles. Certain things are essential to the success of dramatic entertainments of every variety. For comic opera the necessities are three in number. We want a story, which must be comprehensible at least, and more or less amusing; we want tuneful music; and we must have performers who can sing the music passably, and give some sort of point and character to the personages of the play. Comic opera, in short, must be comic, and it must be operatic. Shortcomings in one requirement may be in some measure balanced by excellence in another; but we have stated the three main necessities. Of these three the new comic opera at Drury Lane Theatre, *Fricoli* by name, possesses one. M. Hervé, the composer, has written some very pretty music—alight,

ultra-facile it may be, but agreeably melodious, and, moreover, scored for orchestra with taste and knowledge of effect. This is something; it is indeed much; but it is not nearly enough to secure success, because about all dramatic entertainments, and perhaps about musical entertainments in particular, there is something that may be likened to a see-saw. A diverting incident, a good musical number, a clever bit of character, raise the balance towards success; dulness, bad music, incompetent playing, depress. We do not think that any one will ever be able to understand the story of *Fricoli*, even with the advantage of not having read a paper circulated in the theatre which professed to give a summary of the plot; and Mr. Augustus Harris seems to have selected his company on a new principle. He has apparently supposed that, if one who is nominally an actor cannot act, he may perhaps be able to sing, and if professional vocalists cannot sing, an undeveloped capacity for acting may be extractable. Herein, however, Mr. Harris has erred.

The plot of *Fricoli* seems to be the slap-dash mixture of an ill-digested, or altogether undigested, note-book. M. Hervé, author as well as composer of *Chilpéric* and other pieces, is understood to have been guilty of the original; for if the adaptation resemble the original the writer is not to be readily forgiven. The English version is by Mr. Beatty Kingston, hitherto unknown as a producer of plays. The note-book to which reference has been made might have contained such entries as "likeness between street singer and marquis: confusion of newly-married and deserted wife"; "drunken attendant charged to deliver letter to heroine: by mistake throws it on to balcony of opposite house, inhabited by jealous duke"; "hero (girl) enlists in foreign army: gains ear of commander: betrays regiment to friends in other camp"; "street singer, long lost son of duke." Here we have the foundation of *Fricoli*—as, incidentally, of many pieces besides *Fricoli*—the material, truly, is poor enough, and yet, with very little adroitness on the part of the writer, it might easily have been made to yield a very much better result.

There has been lavish expenditure in the production of this work at Drury Lane. The occupants of the stage are at times to be counted by scores, if not by hundreds; the scenery is elaborate, the dresses are rich; but all these things might be most advantageously exchanged for just a little wit, brightness, humour—in short, capacity for the performance of comic opera. The present Drury Lane company is remarkable for the little skill which is contained in so many persons. Miss Rose Hersee, the *Fricoli*, is a fairly good vocalist, but of the gaiety and sprightliness which should pertain to a hero of *opéra-bouffe*—for, of course, this is more *opéra-bouffe* than anything else—there is no particle. It would really be interesting to know on what principle some of the other performers were chosen. We can understand a person being engaged to fill a tenor part because he has a tenor voice, because he can sing a little, or because he is an actor who can get through the music without disaster; but why is a gentleman employed who has no voice, who cannot sing, and who does not possess the vaguest idea of acting? It is a pleasant task to bestow all possible commendation where it is deserved, and we are therefore glad to bear witness to the unaffected judgment with which Mr. Thorndike sang his music; to the very pleasing delivery of one verse of a song—all that was allotted to him—by Mr. S. W. Gilbert, a tenor vocalist with a sweet voice worth cultivation; and to the generally agreeable performance of Miss Marie Tempest. Mr. Nicholls plays quaintly, and not without some quiet humour, as the Duke, the father of *Fricoli*; but he is apt to overstep the limits of good taste. Occasionally a melodious number gives rise to a momentary regret that the little which is good in *Fricoli* is lost amid so much that is dull, vulgar, or incomprehensible. The aimless proceedings of vulgar people, however, soon reconcile us to the inevitable decline and fall of M. Hervé's last composition.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

THE most striking feature of the stock markets during the half-year that has just ended is the rise in foreign Government bonds. At the beginning of January few persons would have ventured to predict such a movement. The disquiet caused by the revolution in Eastern Roumelia still continued all over Europe; there were fears that a great war might ensue, and for months later the conduct of Greece kept those fears alive. Even now the attitude of the Russian Government towards Bulgaria and Turkey is anything but reassuring. If a great war were to break out, it is certain that the debts of the several Continental States would be enormously increased; it is possible that some States might be broken up altogether, and none can foresee how long the conflict might last or what would be its ultimate consequences. To a judicial observer, therefore, it would have seemed in the highest degree improbable that the already high prices of foreign Government bonds should have been exceeded; and yet there has been a very marked rise in the prices of the bonds of almost every Continental Government with the exception of the French. This is due almost exclusively to the action of the Berlin Bourse. Since the creation of the German Empire Berlin has become a great banking and Stock Exchange centre. It has overtopped all other German cities, and attracts to itself more of the banking capital and of the speculative spirit every day. Germany, moreover, has of late years made very marked economic progress. And, lastly, the policy of the Prussian Government has

tended unintentionally to greatly foster speculation. The purchase of the Prussian railways by the State caused large numbers of investors to look out for securities that would return them a higher rate of interest for their money than was offered by the Prussian Government. To gratify this feeling the bankers of Berlin took under their protection Russian finance. Russian bonds were very low, and yielded to the buyer high rates of interest. The action of the bankers was followed by the speculators, and gradually Russian bonds have been raised to par. From Russian bonds the speculators turned to the bonds of the neighbouring States. One by one they have run up the bonds, not only of the several European Governments, excepting the French, but also Egyptian bonds. Partly because of the rise in these bonds, and partly owing to the fact that securities yielding a high rate of interest are scarce, there has also been a rise in South American Government bonds and in Colonial and Indian bonds, as well as in the railway securities of our Colonies and of India. This latter rise is a natural consequence of the great reduction that is going on in the national debts both of the United Kingdom and of the United States. The wealth of the world is accumulating at a rapid rate, and the two securities that stand highest in the opinion of investors being lessened rapidly every year, there is scarcely any option for investors but to turn to Colonial and Indian bonds and to the guaranteed shares, debenture bonds, and preference shares of home, Colonial, and Indian Railway Companies. The action of investors, therefore, accounts for the rise in these latter classes of securities, just as the action of the speculators of Berlin accounts for the rise in Continental Government bonds.

While few would have held enough last January to predict a further rise in foreign Government bonds, almost every one then was inclined to look for a steady advance in American railroad securities. The "war of rates" had been brought to an end, and by a union between the New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad Companies, the two greatest upon the American continent, there was a kind of understanding established to maintain paying rates in future. And this understanding was powerfully strengthened by the formation of a great syndicate to reorganize and control what are called the coal lines—the lines, that is, serving the coal districts of Pennsylvania. In fact, the syndicate, with the New York Central and Pennsylvania Companies, are able to control the whole of the railways serving the City of New York, and consequently promised to maintain such rates as would yield fair dividends to the shareholders. In addition to all this, American trade began to improve, and railway building upon a large scale was once more resumed. It was the general expectation, then, in the beginning of the year that, great as had been the rise in American railroad securities during the second half of last year, it would be continued throughout the current year. But for the six months that have now elapsed the expectation has been disappointed. During the first three months, indeed, there was a decided and very considerable fall. And, though the movement since has been generally upward, in very few cases are prices now as high as they were a little before Christmas; and in some cases they are lower, but not very decidedly so. Quite lately there has been a marked rise, and at present the feeling of the Stock Exchange is quite as sanguine as it was just before Christmas; but yet the recovery, as we have said, has scarcely carried prices quite to the level they reached towards the end of last year. In home railway stocks there has been a general decline. As observed above, the debenture, guaranteed, and preference stocks have all continued to rise; but, the ordinary stocks have declined. And this is natural when we bear in mind that commercial and agricultural depression still continues; that there is much political uncertainty, and that all traders are crying out for a considerable reduction of rates. While the condition of parties in the House of Commons remains what it is, the revision of railway rates may not be carried; but as soon as Parliament is able to resume ordinary legislation, it is almost inevitable that a considerable cutting down of railway rates will be effected. Lastly, Telegraph, Tramway, and Insurance Companies' shares have, as a rule, risen further; in some cases the shares of Fire Insurance Companies have risen very markedly; but shipping shares have fallen further, and so have dock shares, while in industrial Companies the movements have been so irregular as almost to defy classification.

As regards the future, the main point to consider is that the wealth of the world is growing at a very rapid rate. Of the savings of the world, the larger part no doubt is employed in the current business of the world. The first application by every one engaged in any kind of business of money saved is to his own business; but, when all the requirements of business are provided for, there is yet a large surplus which needs to be invested. And that surplus every year grows larger and larger, while the existing investments do not increase in anything like the same ratio. For very many years there has been no creation on a very great scale of thoroughly sound investments. In Europe railway building is almost completed; shipbuilding has been overdone; so has the construction of telegraphs; while telephony and electric lighting have not yet assumed such a position as to give employment to large amounts of capital. The great Governments of the world, again, have not been borrowing very largely of late, with the exception of the French; on the contrary, the United States Government has reduced its debt in an unprecedented way, and our own Government is redeeming debt at the rate of six or eight millions a year. Thus the demand for investment greatly exceeds the supply, and consequently prices tend inevitably upwards.

Every now and then this tendency is obscured by the action of speculation. A great collapse, such as followed the mania for railway building in the United States a few years ago, and the Union Générale speculation in France, causes an exaggerated fall which seems to belie the general reasoning above set out; but after a little while speculation begins again, and then prices are rushed up as extravagantly as they had been rushed down a little before. Leaving out of account these spasmodic fluctuations, however, and looking at a sufficiently long period of time, we see that the return yielded by money invested is year after year growing less and less. Just now another speculative mania appears to be growing up. It has caused already a very considerable rise in American railroad securities, and apparently it is destined to carry the rise very much further. In Berlin, again, it has raised Russian bonds to twice their intrinsic value, and it has raised most other Government bonds higher than they ought to be. While this speculative fever lasts it will stimulate the effect of the excess of the demand over the supply of investments. Lastly, the great depression in trade appears to be drawing to an end. We have pointed out in these columns not very long ago some reasons for believing that we are on the eve of improvement here at home. Already improvement has begun undeniably in the United States, and there are symptoms all over Europe that it is about everywhere to manifest itself. If a trade revival does come, all classes of industrial securities must necessarily rise in value, for the simple reason that the Companies will do more work, and therefore earn larger returns. And if trade proves more profitable, the savings of the world will become larger, and consequently the demand for investment will be intensified. Therefore, as a necessary result, prices must still further rise. Upon the whole, then, the probability seems to be that we shall witness during the next six months a further rise in prices. At the same time it would surprise no one if there were to be a collapse in Berlin. Speculation there has become so utterly reckless that, according to all appearances, it cannot last very much longer. And a collapse in Berlin would cause a heavy fall in Foreign Government bonds. Again, it is not to be left out of sight that the gold held by the Bank of England is entirely too small. Any accident, therefore, may compel the Bank, in the course of the autumn, to raise its rate to a figure that would disturb trade and derange all business. An exceedingly tight and dear money market might, of course, throw out all calculations, and prevent the steady rise in prices which at present seems most probable.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

ON Monday last Dr. Richter brought the summer series of his concerts to a close with Beethoven's Mass in D. This work had not been given in England since its production at the Leeds Musical Festival, under the conductorship of Sir Arthur Sullivan, neither is it ever likely to be more frequently presented considering the almost insuperable difficulties with which it abounds. How much this is to be regretted only those to whom this stupendous achievement is familiar can ever know. A perfectly adequate performance of it, however, seems to be almost beyond the bounds of possibility. There can hardly be any doubt that Beethoven would not have allowed the choral portion of it to stand in its present form but for his deafness. On the occasion of its first production at Vienna the chorus-singers implored him to make some merciful alterations in the score, and on his refusal sang only such notes as they could take without strain. It will be remembered that this took place at the Kärnthner Theatre on the 7th of May, 1824, when the Ninth Symphony, with which certain portions of the Mass have much in common, was also given for the first time. Last Monday's performance was of decidedly unequal merit, and would have been greatly the better for more rehearsal. Some portions of it were, however, admirably interpreted, notably the "Benedictus," to which the prelude was played by Herr Schiever in excellent fashion, and the "Agnus," one of the most surpassingly wonderful numbers to be met with throughout Beethoven's works. But of speaking of the particular beauties with which the Mass abounds there would be no end, for it is to other masses what the Ninth Symphony is to other symphonies, and Dr. Richter could not have concluded his concerts in a more appropriate way than by presenting it. Miss Lena Little's singing calls for special commendation.

AMERICAN HOLIDAYS.

TO-MORROW is July 4, and the Fourth of July has been one of the great holidays of the Americans ever since the signing of the Declaration of Independence exactly one hundred and ten years ago. The Fourth of July is one of the seven legal holidays on which the sewing-girls and factory hands of New York may have a brief respite from their confinement at hard labour. As every State of the Union is independent in its legislation as well as in its traditions and its customs, every State has power to appoint its own holidays; but the centripetal influence of centralization and the growth of the national spirit assist in bringing about a resemblance to uniformity in most of the States, and the seven legal holidays of New York may be taken as fairly typical of the feast-days of the whole United States. Some of these appointed feasts

bear names of unfamiliar sound to most English readers, who may ask the meaning of the titles of Thanksgiving Day and Decoration Day. Some, again, like Christmas Day, are simply English feasts which have been transported and transplanted in former English colonies. The seven legal holidays of New York are New Year's Day; Washington's Birthday (February 22); Decoration Day (May 30); the Fourth of July; Election Day (the Tuesday after the first Monday in November); Thanksgiving Day (generally the final Thursday in November); and Christmas Day. Formerly the City of New York used to keep the anniversary of its evacuation by the British troops at the close of the war with England; but the final celebration of Evacuation Day was on its centenary, November 25, 1883. Before the awful realities of the Rebellion of 1861 the memories of the Revolution of 1776 faded away, and were revived by the centennial celebrations only temporarily and quite without bitterness. In Massachusetts and in certain other of the New England States there still survives a formal Fast-day, decreed about the end of April, and now degenerated into a feast-day, and wholly fallen from its former high estate as a time of fasting and sorrow, intended as the antithesis of that other and still surviving New England institution, Thanksgiving, celebrated some seven months later. As now observed, the Fast-day of Boston does not differ very much from the Shrove Tuesday of New Orleans and of certain other Southern cities, except that the Puritan town on the three hills does not attempt the spectacular processions by which the formerly French city on the Mississippi celebrates *Mardi Gras*. In some of the North-Western States, where the people are now beginning to be alive to the wasteful folly of denuding the land of its timber, there is set apart a special day—Arbor Day—as a public holiday, whereon all men are expected to go forth and to plant trees along the highways and in the waste places of the land.

Of the seven legal holidays of New York, the first is the one which is most peculiar to that city. When New York was known as New Amsterdam, and when Dutch was the language of the people, New Year's Day was set apart for the paying of calls by the gentlemen on the ladies; and the custom survived the taking of the city by the English and the change of language. It has lingered even to this day, and it has spread from New York to most of the other large cities of the United States. The kindred French custom demands only the sending of cards on the first day of the year, but the usage of the Dutch, as adopted by the later New Yorker, demanded a visit in person. So long as a gentleman could use the afternoon and evening in a series of brief calls on a dozen ladies with whom he might be intimate, the custom was pleasant. But as society extended, and as the City of New York sprawled over the whole of Manhattan Island, what had been a pleasure became a painful task. Then, at last, when things were at their worst, and as the observance of the day was degenerating, it was suddenly abandoned by the leaders of society in New York. The custom of calling is still kept up by many of the less exalted; and it is still to be seen in most of the other towns which borrowed the festival from New York; but it is no longer in accordance with the manners and tone of good society in New York itself. In his very interesting series of papers on "Social Life in the Colonies" before the Revolution, now appearing at intervals in the *Century Magazine*, Dr. Edward Eggleston notes that this habit of making calls on New Year's Day "is perhaps the only distinctly Dutch custom that afterward came into widespread use in the United States." The second of American holidays seems, at first sight, to be purely American in its origin; it is the celebration every year, on February 22nd, of the birthday of George Washington, the leader of His Majesty's Opposition during the reign of George III. Yet even this may be considered, perhaps, rather an Americanization of the habit of keeping the King's birthday than an original American invention. Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh records in his *Paris Sketch-Book* that he went to see the performance of a certain melodrama called *Le Maudit des Mers*, and obviously suggested by the legend of the Flying Dutchman; Mr. Titmarsh tells us that the woes of the Accursed of the Seas "are destined to end with the fourth act," for, "having landed in America, where the peasants on the sea-shore, all dressed in Italian costumes, are celebrating, in a quadrille, the victories of Washington, he is there lucky enough to find a young girl to pray for him." America is a strange country when seen through French opera-glasses, and we may doubt whether M. de Tocqueville, during his visit to the United States, ever had the felicity of beholding the peasants on the sea-shore celebrating in a quadrille the victories of Washington. Washington's birthday is kept as a holiday, but there are no special observances; it is merely a holiday, pure and simple. There are occasional reunions and public dinners, and there are always morning performances at all the playhouses. It was an English actor, engaged at a New York theatre, who was once observed shaking his fist at a portrait of George Washington, and saying, "You old villain! You get us an extra matinee every year!" It was a young and very pretty English actress in New York fifteen years ago, just after a great benefit had been given to the family of George Holland, an English comedian, long a great favourite in New York—it was a young and pretty English actress who said plaintively, "You seem to be giving benefits here very frequently; last week I had to play for George Holland and this week I have to play for George Washington!"

New Year's Day is a holiday brought across the ocean and held in honour long before the Revolution, and Washington's birthday was set apart as a day of rest and rejoicing not long after the

Revolution; but the third of the annual holidays of New York, Decoration Day, is not yet a score of years old. It is the day set apart for the decoration of the graves of the soldiers who fell in battle during the Civil War—that is to say, it is an Americanization, or a specialization to a single class of the departed, of the observances of All Saints' Day, which the Church borrowed, along with many another rite and ceremony, from one of the religions it displaced. As early as 1868, only three years after the Civil War had closed with the surrender of Lee's army, the ladies of a little town in Mississippi, going forth to strew flowers on the graves of the Confederate dead, did not neglect the forlorn and almost forgotten resting-places of the soldiers of the Union. The report of this graceful and generous act was noised abroad throughout the North; and from an unpremeditated deed of gentle kindness and courtesy there grew up among the living comrades of the dead soldiers a custom of going in procession in the spring-time to place flowers on the graves of those who had fallen in the fight. The custom spread throughout the country, and at last it was recognized legally. A day was chosen toward the middle of the late American spring, when the flowers were in bloom, and when the sun might fairly be relied upon to shine; this day is May 30th; it is a legal holiday whereon no man need work. On Decoration Day the survivors of the old Volunteer regiments come together once again, they don the old uniform once more, and, under the tattered battle-flags, riddled with the bullets of four years' hard fighting, the veterans march once again to the sound of the old war-tunes, and they lay fresh wreaths and they plant little American flags on the graves of their dead comrades. Perhaps nothing has done more to knit the South to the North, to bind up the wounds of the war and to heal them, than this common effort of both sides to commemorate the deeds of their dead. It began in the South, and it takes firmer hold on the North with the passing years, as the memories of the struggle are fainter, and as the band of veterans dwindles. The general sentiment of the victors in the fight is beautifully expressed in one of Mr. Aldrich's simplest and tenderest poems, "Spring in New England":—

So let our heroes rest
Upon your sunny breast:
Keep them, O South, our tender hearts and true;
Keep them, O South, and learn to hold them dear
From year to year!
Never forget,
Dying for us, they died for you.
This hallowed dust should knit us closer yet.

After Decoration Day comes the Fourth of July, once the chosen opportunity for the perfervid patriotism which found vent in old-fashioned and robust oratory; then occasion served to let the American Eagle scream, and to give an extra twist to the tail of the British Lion. This is not yet altogether foregone; but the Rebellion is a far more interesting theme now than the Revolution, and, as it happens, Decoration Day draws off the main body of patriotic oratory. In most parts of the United States the Fourth of July is likely to be a very warm day—far too warm for more violent exertion than is absolutely necessary. So it has come to pass that the Fourth of July is celebrated chiefly now by the boys of America—what reck a boy of hot weather?—and the boys of America celebrate the Fourth in the manner of the heathen Chinese, with fireworks and with fire-crackers, and with many salutes of many guns and with much burning of gunpowder. And the American boy has a share of the next American holiday—Election Day. In New York all elections of public officers, national, State, and municipal—Congressmen, Assemblymen, Aldermen, Judges, Sheriffs, and Mayors—take place on a fixed day in the year, the Tuesday following the first Monday in November. This Election Day is a legal holiday; the banks and the shops are closed; the polls are open from sunrise to sunset; the streets are very quiet, except for a tension of excitement to be seen in the immediate vicinity of the polling-places and of the headquarters of the various political organizations. With night-fall the American boy takes possession of the streets, wherein he builds him many a bonfire, not inquiring too particularly into the ownership of the barrels and boxes which feed the fame. Dr. Eggleston tells us that this custom, which has existed in New York from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, is a survival of the transplanted rites of Guy Fawkes Day, the almost complete coincidence of Election Day with the 5th of November having facilitated a transference from one day to the other of the perpetuation in disguise of "a custom handed down to them from ancestors loyal to the throne and Parliament of England." In like manner has the next American holiday borrowed from an English feast. "One of the curious effects of the migration of English to America was the weakening of the hold of the old English festivals," writes Dr. Eggleston. "All the Church days were sedulously disregarded in New England, and elsewhere they suffered some decay." "Like most things that come to stay, the autumn Thanksgiving Feast of New England grew so gradually that its development is not easily traced." At first thanksgivings were ordered on special occasions; then they occurred frequently in the autumn, after a bountiful harvest and a full year; and in time the choice of this season grew to be customary. When the Thanksgiving holiday became annual on the final Thursday of November, "it borrowed many of the best and most essential features of the old English Christmas," which had been severely put down "to prevent the Heathenish and Pophish observation of Dayes." This New England Thanksgiving was, therefore, a day of family reunion

and of family feasts. Its characteristic dishes were turkey and pumpkin-pie, delicacies of the season to be tasted at their best even now only in a hospitable New England household. Franklin wanted to take the turkey as the national bird of America, and Franklin's fellow-citizens took the pumpkin-pie as a national dish: as Dr. Holmes tells us, it is not dangerous when eaten with moderation, say in segments of 90°. Not until the dark days of the Civil War was it that Thanksgiving began to become general throughout the United States; for awhile it was often celebrated on different days in different States; nowadays the President of the United States issues a Thanksgiving Proclamation, and the governors of the several States adopt the date he suggests, which, according to precedent, is the last Thursday in November. Although the New Englander knew not Christmas and transferred its feasting to the earlier Thanksgiving, the relaxing of Puritan rigidity has brought about a great change of late years, and even in Boston Christmas is now accepted as a fit and proper season for rejoicing. In the South it was always a high feast, and in New York also, where the Dutch festival of St. Nicholas, "San Claus Day," combined with it. The Christmas-tree with its glittering gifts has grown in New York ever since the Dutch bought the island of Manhattan from the Indians; and the English visitor to New York at that season may see evergreen wreaths decking nearly every window in Fifth Avenue and adorning nearly every shop-front in Broadway. Perhaps the influence of Dickens has been a potent factor in bringing about this general recognition and celebration of Christmas; it is to be remembered, however, that the English Dickens followed and imitated the laudation of Christmas by the American Washington Irving.

CURRENT ART CRITICISM.

OF all the evil consequences of the custom of holding large picture exhibitions, one of the worst is undoubtedly to be found in the mass of printed matter published concerning them and obtaining currency under the name of art criticism. Let us at once admit that there has been no time when better, more appreciative, or more sterling criticism has been written than at the present date. There are, it is hardly necessary to say, some living critics whose names are familiar to all readers, and who are never spoken of save with a deep and justly-earned respect. But we feel almost apologetic for having alluded to their existence in an article mainly dealing with current newspaper work. It would be curious but tedious to inquire into the species of training or no-training that falls to the lot of some modern newspaper art critics, whereupon we will content ourselves with pointing out as far as our experience will permit the course he is usually found to pursue in dealing with matters which are in reality beyond his ken. Be the causes what they may, the post of art critic is too often given to any mortal dull and persevering enough to shroud all picture exhibitions whatsoever in one vast unvarying Scotch mist of drivel, through which certain well-worn and familiar adjectives loom at intervals, that writer and reader be not wholly lost in an intangible confusion of words. Many of the old landmark-phrases have passed away, to the discomfiture of this kind of critic, who might indeed have been brought up short for sheer lack of epithets did he not, owing to an admirable provision of nature, look upon all such phrases as a species of turnip to be plucked up by the roots and hurled all earth-stained with strange meanings at the heads of his readers. "Chiaroscuro," to give an instance, is, considered as a cant term in art criticism, practically dead; but then "values" and "tones" are alive, and, as they convey no definite meaning to the ordinary critic—or, for that matter, to the ordinary painter either—they can be sent hurtling through an article to the making of no small diversion. Our old friend "impressionism," on the contrary, of whom we fondly hoped that we had seen the last any time these two years, has been amazingly resuscitated, and continues to be used on all sides with a happy recklessness delightful to witness. Who is there among us unfamiliar with the intolerable jargon with which we are beset about "tone and tints," "brush-work"—often applied to pictures that have been painted without a brush—and "carnations"? Is there ever a word in all this weltering mass of verbiage to show that the writers have kept in view, or are even capable of apprehending, the aim and end of all criticism? On the contrary, their usual object seems to be the expression of the probable view of the more ignorant of their readers in terms which they do not themselves fully understand. In many cases, however, the critic, ignorant though he be, is out of touch with the public, and may be considered as a sort of literary cuttle-fish obscuring the general vision with floods of individual ink. Such men may not, perhaps, be actively mischievous; but it is not so with another class of the species to which we shall have presently to refer.

From time immemorial, and concerning all matters of taste whatsoever, there have been, broadly speaking, two parties in England—one steadfastly opposed to all foreign influences merely because they are foreign, the other blindly hailing and hymning them for precisely the same reason. It is needless to say that this is barbarous. Unfortunately, this barbarity has by no means diminished among us, and we have at present the unlovely spectacle before us of men crying up work which they have seen either imperfectly or not at all, and shrieking forth violent praise in uncouth superlatives of masters whom they are unable to com-

prehend, and whose aims, as they abundantly show by their utterances about other less well-known men, are wholly unsympathetic to them. The same critic who in one article bows down and worships the memory of Millet, howbeit with something of too patronizing an air, shows in another the true extent of his admiration and reverence by praising a vulgar and cynically impudent theft from him. Meanwhile, another of the brotherhood is busied in evoking the shade of one of the greatest of colourists in excuse of as shameful an aberration of the colour sense as has ever been seen on an exhibition wall. By these means much harm has been, and more harm may be expected to be done. It has occasionally happened through some fortunate accident that the hanging committee at Burlington House have placed a picture by a foreign artist in the position in which it can best be seen. It has also sometimes happened that this position has not been on the line. Straightway the critic who believes in the generic foreigner lifts up his voice and calls upon the people to testify that a great wrong has been done. It is nothing to him that the picture is perfectly seen in an excellent light; it is not on the line, and up goes his howl to Heaven, getting perchance entangled on its way thither with the despairing scream of another of the class, that it is all up with English art because some poor picture by a third-rate French painter has not got a very much better place at the Academy than it would have had at the Salon. Some colour of justice is by means like these lent to the proceedings of that queer corporation whose ways we have often to deplore; and, seeing these things, the unknowing may be pardoned if, when they hear of a foreign picture being refused on the ground that the manner in which it is painted would tend to corrupt the British art student, they come to the conclusion that there may be some sound reason for it. Thus the utmost harm is done to the cause of artistic reformation in England, and we are not far from believing that the baneful influence exercised by these ignorant zealots must be reckoned as second only to that of Mr. Ruskin himself.

ADONIS REVISED.

THE American "Eccentricity" *Adonis* has been recast to suit the tastes of the English public, and is now presented to its audiences with less abundance of Transatlantic, and consequently to many people unintelligible, allusions. It has not, however, been—perhaps it could not be—entirely divested of this element of "local" pleasantry, and there are still hits, or intended hits, in it at which the London playgoer, who is unhappily ignorant of the alluring American language and of American customs, patiently wonders instead of being actively amused. Nevertheless, *Adonis* has been undoubtedly changed for the better, and now only wants shortening by, say, another quarter or half hour. With the exception of Mr. Henry E. Dixey himself, who has a remarkable variety of gifts, and perhaps also of Miss Grubb, who has a well-trained voice of some sweetness and power, no performer in the company can pretend to talent. Mr. Dixey, as we remarked on the first production of the eccentricity, of which he is part author, is an exceptionally good dancer, speaks through music in his songs with singular skill, and plays with an individual bustle and vivacity which serve to carry off much that would flag dimly without such assistance. Nothing specially struck us, however, in his first performance except his imitation of Mr. Irving, and a second visit has given us cause to think even more highly of this extraordinary piece of mimicry. Considered merely as a triumph of "make up" it would deserve a place of its own in the history of this branch of the actor's art. No man's lineaments, facial expression, and figure have ever, we imagine, been so exactly and minutely copied by another as those of Mr. Irving have been by Mr. Dixey. The face of the American actor is literally treated as a sort of canvas on which to trace, line by line and point by point, the features of the great English tragedian. The result produced on brow, nose, cheek, and mouth is something marvellous. Every peculiarity, moreover, in the figure of the original is preserved with the utmost fidelity, and it is really no exaggeration to say that, but for the circumstance that Mr. Irving seems to have the advantage of Mr. Dixey by an inch or two of stature, the portrait might easily be mistaken for the model, even before it opens its mouth or moves a limb. The vocal and gestural imitation, however, is no less remarkable than the facial transcript. Mr. Irving's characteristics of voice, intonation, gait, and bearing are so well known and well marked, and have been parodied already to such satiety by so many mimics, good, bad, and indifferent, that the promise on a playbill of an "imitation of Irving" may exercise but a languid attraction for the experienced playgoer. He will think that he has seen the same thing a dozen times before. He has not though, if the thing he goes to see is Mr. Dixey's imitation of a too familiar model. This piece of mimicry is what only the very best mimicry, and that only at very rare moments, is—to wit, a revelation. Unnoticed traits in the original are brought to light for the first time in, and by, the very act of caricaturing them. The spectator is again and again startled, as it were, into laughter by that "surprised recognition of unsuspected fitness" which must, we suppose, be at the bottom of the sort of physical pleasure derived from mimicry, just as it is fundamental to the purely intellectual delight which is given by wit. Apart from this uncommon feat of showing not only what a person mimicked does, but also what he might do in

incongruous circumstances, Mr. Dixey shows singular grace, lightness of touch and movement, skill in juggling, and humour of an unforced kind. And again, leaving out these attractions, those who are in any degree susceptible to the pleasure derived from pure mimicry—we have known people who are not, and can “see nothing in it”—may be safely recommended to pay a visit to the Gaiety Theatre.

THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

NO traveller by the South-Western line between Staines and Windsor can have failed to observe any time within the past five years the steady growth of the huge rectangular structure at Mount Lee, near Egham, which was opened by Her Majesty last Wednesday, and is henceforth to be known as the Royal Holloway College for Women. This immense and impressive building was designed by Mr. W. H. Crossland, a pupil of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and cost not less than 600,000*l.*, exclusive of an endowment of 200,000*l.*, and the purchase of a valuable and truly representative collection of modern paintings. The fund for this prodigious undertaking was bequeathed in trust by the late Mr. Thomas Holloway. Viewed from some green alley on the slopes of the beautiful park, when distance mellows the crude tone of the red brick and the glare of the fresh-hewn stone, the broken sky-line of the steep roofs, the quaint chimneys and clustered pinnacles—together with the picturesque clock-tower and the crown-like water-tower—make a most fantastic and impressive show. When thus seen rising above the massive summer foliage, these aerial architectural features combine to produce a charming *ensemble*, much of which is lost to the spectator when standing in one of the two spacious quadrangles or confronting the exterior façades. All the finer and more characteristic features of the building would be utterly wasted in a city, for the competition of other styles of architecture would be fatal to the unity of the conception and the complexity of its details. Within the building the visitor is instantly impressed by the foresight revealed in all the arrangements. The sets of apartments for students are excellently proportioned, and almost too comfortable and seductive. In addition to the library, the dining-hall, and recreation-room, there are suites of rooms for the staff of professors, music-rooms, a museum, a theatre for lectures, and a gymnasium. Below the kitchens, and communicating with them, a tunnel has been constructed to a point three hundred yards beyond the main entrance, by which all the necessary supplies of the College are to be noiselessly conveyed. At the further end of this tunnel are placed the engine-houses and all the apparatus for heating and the electric light. In addition to some eight hundred fireplaces, the College is traversed by pipes for hot water in every direction. The completeness of every device that can ensure the comfort and health of the students is indeed not the least marvel in this great building. What influence the Royal Holloway College will exercise in the future on the movement in favour of the higher education of women is, of course, a problem to be solved by the Governing Body. When the educational work of the College is thoroughly established, an application will be made for such powers as will authorize the corporation to confer degrees after due examination. In the meanwhile the students will be expected to pass the London University examinations for women, and to avail themselves of any similar opportunities offered by other Universities. Apart from the magnitude of the scheme and the unique circumstances of its foundation, the results of the experiment will be awaited with much curiosity and interest by all who are concerned with educational progress.

MME. JANE HADING.

IT is to be regretted that the performances of Mme. Jane Hading—we refrain from saying of Mme. Jane Hading and the company who support her—should come to an end to-night. Of some parts undertaken by this gifted and accomplished actress we have already spoken in terms of high praise. We must confess to having looked forward to her Frou-Frou with some apprehension. There was the record of Mlle. Desclée against her, and to say that is to say much. It is more, however, to say that with every gesture and intonation of Mlle. Desclée's Frou-Frou present to the mind—as how could they help being?—yet one found that Mme. Hading's impersonation came up to the level of what before one would have called that incomparable performance. The charming frivolity of the character in the earlier scenes of the play was so exquisitely given that one feared there might be a breakdown, or at least a comparative failure, when the contrast had to be made. The fear was disappointed; the actress rose with the situations. Her extraordinary delicacy of play lent itself to the graver as finely as to the lighter aspects of the part, and the famous “Garde tout,” with the speech before it at the end of the third act, was a masterpiece of intonation and action. So also with the “C'est bien, très bien,” at the end of the fourth act, and with the somewhat too painful death-scene which ends the piece. To the variety and fine touch of Mme. Hading's acting throughout it is impossible to do justice by description; but those who know the play will understand how much is conveyed by the fact that Mme. Hading secures exactly what Mme. Bernhardt missed in the character—the sympathy of the

audience from beginning to end. As to the rest of the company, M. Romain's pury bearing and utter want of distinction make Frou-Frou's love for Valréas impossible. M. Damala's Sartorys is no way to behave.

REVIEWS.

DIXON'S ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.*

THE history of the English Reformation has been written from the most opposite points of view, of which typical examples may be found on either side in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* and Nicholas Sanders's *English Schism*, while much fresh light has been shed in recent years on particular points of detail and the character and conduct of leading personages—such as Gardiner and Bonner—by independent critics like the late Dr. Maitland. But the subject as a whole has seldom, if ever, been treated at once with adequate knowledge and with impartiality by adherents whether of “the Old Learning” or “the New.” And we therefore hailed with much satisfaction seven years ago the appearance of the first volume of this work, by a writer whom it is hardly creditable to the dispensers of ecclesiastical patronage to find still describing himself as “Honorary Canon of Carlisle.” Three years later we had to notice the publication of a second volume, the two comprising together the eventful period of twenty years from 1529 to 1548. It is only natural that Mr. Dixon should find his materials growing under his hand as he proceeds, and we are not surprised that the entire third volume, now before us, should be occupied with the four last years of what he justly designates “an unhappy but memorable reign”; it closes with the death of Edward in 1553. This greater minuteness of treatment is partly explained by the fact that both the First and Second Prayer-book of Edward VI. and the Forty-two Articles—subsequently reduced to 39—were issued during the period under review. And here it must be noted that Mr. Dixon shows it to be at least very doubtful whether the First Book was ever submitted to Convocation, and pretty certain that the Second—“the formula in which the Church of England most nearly condescended to the humiliation of religion seen upon the Continent”—and the Forty-two Articles were not, in spite of the “equivocal and false title,” prefixed to them. The external evidence is all the other way, and there was nothing in the character or principles of Cranmer to make it likely that he would trouble himself, still less incur any risk or discredit, in order to secure ecclesiastical sanction for schemes he was equally well able to force on the Church and the nation without it. But the increased length of this portion of the narrative is partly due also to the considerable—we do not say disproportionate—space allotted to three notable episodes, chiefly interesting to posterity as illustrations of the marvellous narrowness and intolerance of leading agents in what Mr. Dixon calls “the revolution” then in process of being worked out; we mean Gardiner's trial, Hooper's almost incredible silliness and perversity about the episcopal vestments, and the protracted dispute about “the Lady Mary's Mass,” which became an international question and lasted through the reign. Gardiner's character had been already vindicated from the libellous inventions of Foxe. As regards the second point it may be observed that our author considers the Act of Uniformity of 1549 to have “laid the foundations of the modern separations from the Church,” and calls Hooper, for reasons which he expounds at length, “the father of Nonconformity.”

It must clearly be a very robust Protestantism indeed which, after studying Canon Dixon's pages, can retain its faith in “the boy”—as he usually styles the sovereign who has been variously named the “B. Edward” and “the young tiger-cub”—and his archiepiscopal adviser as the modern anti-types of Josiah the king and Hilkiah the high priest. His readers will rather feel disposed to endorse Pole's Scriptural exclamation, “Woe to the realm whose king is a child.” But perhaps what will most startle those who have been used to take a rose-coloured view, we do not say of the Reformation—that depends largely on religious convictions—but of the English Reformers, is the evidence here produced of the unscrupulous tyranny and obscurantism of their whole method of procedure, or, in our author's words, “the arbitrary manner in which everything was done . . . and the want of teachers.” The first indeed lies on the surface of the history, but we were hardly ourselves prepared—in spite of our very moderate estimate of the personages concerned—for the accumulated evidence brought together by Mr. Dixon on the second point. It is not simply that there was much ignorance among the clergy of “the new learning” while the services of those of “the old learning” were not available for reforming purposes; that in a time of disturbance and sudden change might be in great measure inevitable. What is curious, and will to many readers be a surprise, is that every means was taken by those in authority, as though of deliberate intent, to discourage learning and foster ignorance, alike in the higher classes and among the masses of the people. Thus, to begin with the two Universities, a Royal Commission

* *History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction.* By R. W. Dixon, M.A., Vicar of Warkworth and Honorary Canon of Carlisle. Vol. III.—Edward VI., 1549–1553. London: Routledge & Sons.

"visited" them in 1549 which, under pretence of reforming, went far to destroy them altogether, and Oxford and Cambridge "seemed in danger of actually sharing the fate of the monasteries." Ridley, whose name stood on both Commissions, attempted some ineffectual resistance, but was easily overborne; Gardiner, formerly Master of Trinity, though in prison, contrived to make his influence felt, but Trinity College had a narrow escape from dissolution. Dr. Cox, Chancellor of Oxford, who was on the Commission, won with too good reason the unenviable nickname of "Cancellor of the University." Under his auspices "whole libraries" at Oxford were destroyed; "a cartload of manuscripts on theology and the sciences" from Merton, and "great heaps of books from Balliol, Queen's, Exeter, and Lincoln" were publicly burnt in the market-place. Meanwhile the choristers and Grammar-school boys of the different College schools at both Universities were turned out and the schools themselves suppressed. After a second Royal Visitation in 1551 the Universities fell into such contempt that they were generally styled "stalls of asses," and the halls and colleges were deserted; at Oxford "washerwomen dried clothes in the Schools of Arts." Meanwhile in the College Chapels the Sacrament was torn from the altar and dashed to the ground, and the old books chopped to pieces with axes; elsewhere "troops of boys were maintained to sing against the Sacrament," in which the great bulk of the people still believed, and of course tumults ensued. But what is still more curious, and contrasts strangely with the reforming movement in Germany, so far from any pains being taken to present the new doctrine to the people, "the pulpits stood silent, partly by order," as well as from lack of preachers. The Council ordered the bishops "to prevent a thing so inconsistent" as the preaching of itinerant ministers, and even the licensed preachers, of whom there were very few, were forbidden to discourse except on certain fixed days. Bucer complained that there were parishes where no sermon had been preached for years. Whether from distrust of the clergy, or from a desire to keep the mass of the people in ignorance of the real nature of the religious innovations being forced on them with a high hand till all was over, preaching was in every way discountenanced or suppressed, so that "in truth the great destitution of preaching, which the Reformation produced, was the main cause of the beginning of English Dissent."

Another strange revelation brought to light in these pages shows us how systematically the policy exemplified in the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII. repeated itself throughout the reign of Edward, and even changes which, whether thought right or wrong, might have been presumed to be of a purely religious nature, were really motivated almost entirely by the greed of plunder for the enrichment of the royal exchequer or of grasping courtiers. Ridley had no doubt a theological motive in the destruction of altars, which he began without any sanction of law in his diocese, but his lead was at once taken up by the men in power, because "there was a good deal to be made out of the hangings, furniture, and plate of altars," and a universal destruction accordingly followed. On the other hand, a rubric in the Second Prayer-book expressly ordered that chancels should "remain as they had done in times past," because to pull them down would have entailed the expense of building a new wall and a window at the east end of every church, but the old vestments were at the same time forbidden for the obvious reason of practical convenience that "there was so little vesture left in the churches," after the wholesale spoliation perpetrated everywhere. Somerset's disinterested zeal in the work of demolition forms quite a little episode by itself. He had first designed to pull down Westminster Abbey and the neighbouring church of St. Margaret's to provide the site and materials for a magnificent palace for himself, but the Dean and Chapter averted the first outrage by the sacrifice of half their property, and the forcible interference of the parishioners stopped the second. He did however pull down a parish church and the houses of three bishops in the Strand to make room for Somerset House, and provided further materials for it by the destruction of a cloister and costly chapel at St. Paul's and of the splendid church of St. John of Jerusalem; but a quick-footed Nemesis pursued his crimes, and he was not suffered to keep his head on his shoulders long enough to inhabit the palace which still bears his dishonoured name.

The Second Prayer-book of Edward, nominally introduced on November 1, 1552, just eight months before the King's death, can never have come into general use. It was constantly being "altered and remodelled down to the day it left the workshop," to suit the diverse tastes of one faction or another, and was actually interrupted in its passage through the press, and after the sale had already begun, to insert "the Black Rubric," by royal authority only, as a sop to the Puritans who objected to kneeling at Communion. This appears to have been chiefly done through the influence of John Knox, of whom our author does not draw at all a flattering picture either as a minister or a man. He rightly points out that the Second Book differed from the First more largely than the former from the Sarum Missal, of which it is indeed an almost literal translation in its most essential parts. He also dwells at length, and in a tone of evident disapproval, on the very considerable difference between the new Ordinal and the ancient form which it superseded, while insisting that it retained all which was absolutely necessary for the validity of the rite. But he makes no allusion to the fact—first brought into notice, if we are not mistaken, by Mr. Pocock—that the revised Ordinal itself was so far from satisfying the extreme reformers, Cranmer

included, as to have been already doomed to give place, had Edward's life been prolonged, to a brand-new formula, which was actually drawn up, substituting the institution of preachers, as in the Swedish Church, for the ordination of bishops and priests; and the language of the 23rd Article, implying in its obvious sense that a "call" from the congregation constituted the sole and sufficient qualification for the ministerial office, was intended to pave the way for this momentous change. We are told in the *Troubles at Frankfort* that "the Archbishop of Canterbury had drawn up a book of prayer a hundred times more perfect [*i.e.* Protestant] than that we now have; the same could not take effect, for that he was matched with such a wicked [*i.e.* un-Protestant] clergy and Convocation, with other enemies." It was Cranmer's avowed aim, as Mr. Dixon shows, to bring about a complete agreement between the Swiss and English Reformers, and a circular letter to this effect was addressed, in the name of the King himself, to the Senate of Zürich.

Before concluding our necessarily brief notice of this valuable and important work, we are sorry to be obliged to repeat the criticism made on a previous volume in our columns, but its very excellence increases our regret that in style—not to say occasionally in grammar—there should still be much left to desiderate. Two or three examples will best indicate what we mean. It is not English to say that "the Bishop of London had neither courted, and had escaped, the dangers," &c., or to speak of "a prayer for rain, the *composure*, it is likely of the Archbishop." Why again should a man be called "the author of the illegitimate existence of several children," instead of simply the father; and what is meant by saying that "the delusive project . . . revisited for a moment the scene of Edward"? Still more wonderful is the following enigmatic sentence; "In the interval the Englishman Pole had been preferred by election: and, true to his destiny of evasion, had declined the toils and honours of the Papacy." This appears from the context to mean that Pole might have been elected Pope, had he so pleased, in place of Julius III. in 1550, but refused the offer. The alleged fact, for which no authority is given, is more than questionable; but, waiving that point, it is anyhow certain that Pole was not "preferred by election"—which must mean elected, if it means anything—and "true to his destiny of evasion" is a phrase which to ordinary apprehension conveys no meaning at all. So far as our information extends, Mr. Dixon is writing—from an Anglican standpoint, of course—far the fullest and most impartial history which has yet appeared of the English Reformation, and the manner, as a rule, is not unworthy of the matter; it is the more pity that so meritorious a work should be marred even by superficial blemishes, which with ordinary care he might avoid. We shall look with much interest for the next volume, on the Reign of Mary. Meanwhile the following estimate of the reign of Edward VI. conveys a fair idea of the general tone and spirit of the work; the reference in the final sentence is to Macaulay's History, which Lord Wolsley the other day happily described as the one "work of fiction" he always carried with him on his longer expeditions:—

His reign, to dignify by that title the seven years of an infant, the protectorate of Somerset, and the domination of Northumberland, is a chaos in the semblance of order, which has been curiously misread in history. There are writers who have described it as the sacred age of England, when the light of the Reformation, which had but glimmered in the days of Henry the Eighth, shone forth with a lustre that was doubled by the gloomy horrors that so soon ensued. There are others, who, exasperated by the triumph of principles which they detest, have overwhelmed with a deluge of vituperation characters and measures which in truth would ill bear a tenderer handling. It is futile to cover every portrait with black: in total darkness nothing can be seen. Others again have busied themselves in extinguishing some of the greater lights of the Reformation, such as Somerset and Cranmer, without denying that at the Reformation there was an illumination. These last have been actuated not so much by scientific conviction as by boundless indulgence of the passion of hatred of the Church of England. They have regarded men like Somerset and Cranmer as fathers of the Church of England; and it is for this reason that they have pursued their memories with outcries: not because they cared whether they were good or bad, or great or little men. They have been misled in fact by the preposterous notion that the Church of England was created, or had her origin, at the Reformation; and they think that the reign of Edward the Sixth was the time when she grew to completion, because it was the time when some of her most important printed formularies were compiled, of which some were ratified by Parliament. This portentous blunder, of supposing that the Church of England was begun in the age that reformed, but also did much to impair her, has vitiated and deprived of value one of the most artistic and elaborate, and one of the most ambitious histories of England of the present century.

FOUR NOVELS.*

MR. BLEWITT was a very nefarious usurer who went to early service every day, and whom no one suspected of being a money-lender. His *âme damnée* Mr. Barrows, alias Mr. Moes, interviewed all borrowers, sold up all defaulters. Mr. Blewitt had a wife whom he refused to acknowledge, and whom he put to board with old Barrows's son and daughter-in-law. The poor

* *Brought to Repentance.* By Frederick Aubrey. London Literary Society. 1886.

Colonel Chetwick's Campaign. By Flora L. Shaw, Author of "Castle Blair." 3 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

Sealed Orders. By Elizabeth J. Lynght, Author of "Nearer and Dearer" &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1886.

Zeph: a Posthumous Story. By Helen Jackson (H. H.), Author of "Ramona" &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1886.

lady was taken very ill, and sent for Mr. Graham, a clergyman whom she thought would be able to testify to the validity of her marriage. The vicar sent for the husband, who, finding that it was of no use to attempt to brazen the matter out, affected the keenest remorse and contrition, and was allowed by the bamboozled and unsuspecting clergyman to go alone into his wife's bedroom. She forgave him, and "breathed out her last on his arm." But the penitent husband vowed revenge on his tool, who had taken his wife's message to Mr. Graham. "I'll be even with you before long," he said, shaking his fist at the door of his wife's room. "Curse you; so Mr. Moss, you played me such a trick as this, did you? All right, my dear friend, I shall be so happy to see you again; won't I make it pleasant for you, you thief, forger, liar?" From that moment he cast the young Barrows adrift. Old Barrows (or Moss) he still retained to do his infernal work for him; but he forbade him to give a penny to his son and daughter-in-law, who he considered had betrayed their trust. Young Peter Barrows fell into bad company as well as into poverty, and was almost driven to become a "welsher." Mr. Aubrey tells us at considerable length what a welsher is. He admits that he is a human being, but thinks that he cannot with propriety be called a man; and he does not speak any words of pity for the fate which he too generally meets with, which he thus more graphically than grammatically describes:—

The end of a welsher is not generally of a very enviable character, for it is frequently in a horse-pond, with all his clothes torn off his back, together with many bruises about his body, that he finishes up his career. There are occasions when they have been caught and beaten and kicked to death; but as they generate and circulate in a civilized country such is not often the case.

If we know ourselves we have no sympathy with or sentimental tenderness for "welshers," but, we remember that the old song says,

Parker—he was hanged for mutiny,
Worse nor he was left behind.

If anybody is to be half-drowned in a ditch or beaten within an inch of his life, we would *par préférence* choose for the victim of such revolting cruelty a wife-beater or a cowardly demagogue who hounds others on to crime than a poor devil of a swindler who cannot pay his debts of honour, and who after all is scarcely much worse in degree, and not at all in kind, than the better dressed scamp who is only posted at Tattersall's or the Corner when he cannot pay his debts, and who is allowed to keep his bones unbroken in a whole skin. But we must return to our very black sheep. Mr. Blewitt had a lawless passion for a young girl whom, for his own purposes, he had married to a rich old man. Mr. Ruthin's "illness had caused him to lose the sight of his eyes," "a derangement," the author quaintly continues, "which gave him great uneasiness and regret." What fate befell the ruffian Blewitt, what happened to the wittol Ruthin and his comfortably penitent wife, he who lists may read for himself. We can waste no further words on this foolish and worthless book, of which, though it is irritating to read sentences like this, "All the company he has is that of mine," the bad grammar is the most venial fault.

Colonel Cheswick was a dashing soldier, and a very young-looking man to have a grown-up daughter. Ailsa Cheswick (she might as well have been christened Breadalbane) doted on her handsome, extravagant father; Mrs. Cheswick, who was Ailsa's stepmother, doted on nobody but her dog Frou-frou. The impecunious but hospitable Lifeguardsman filled his house with pleasant people, though to defray the expenses of their visit he would have to cut down a famous old avenue of trees. The author will probably smile at the dulness of her critic; but for the life of us we cannot see why a girl possessed of ordinary sense and allowed to go about by herself should have done the apparently insane deed committed by Miss Cheswick when she was notching the trees which were to come down first:—

She very deliberately rolled back her sleeve, looked for a moment at her own white arm, and struck herself with the hatchet a light blow which drew blood.

Ted Mohun, a young Cambridge man who was very much in love with the girl, came up at this juncture and helped her to bind the wound. Shortly afterwards, with the full sanction of the Colonel, who knew that his daughter would reject him, young Mohun made Ailsa an offer of marriage. Her answer was what her father knew it would be. But she did not refuse the disappointed lover one of her gloves which he asked for, and that night she nailed its fellow on a bracket in her bedroom. "At least," she said, "this shall remain here to remind me of one good young fellow who thinks he believes." And she thought the tears she shed upon her pillow were for Ted. Among the Colonel's guests were a Captain Jack Charteris of his own regiment, whom the elder officer loved as his own son, and a Miss Mary Howard, whom her mother, Lady Howard, had sent to St. Gilbert's to fascinate and marry the young Captain, who was one day to be Lord Greytown. Alas! for the inconsistencies of young men and maidens. Mary Howard, who came to the Cheswicks more than willing to carry out her mother's wishes and her own by marrying her cousin Jack, fell in love with Ted Mohun instead, and Ted's old love for Ailsa went "completely out of him." But Mary did not know this latter fact till Ailsa made her supremely happy by telling it to her. On the contrary, she was quite honest when she assured Ailsa that Ted's love for her was killing him. But if a woman is quick to see when a man begins to love her, her vision is keener still to perceive when he has left off loving her. "Dear Mary," said

Ailsa, "if I have made him ill, you must cure him." The cure was effected by the right physician, and the doctor and the patient can hardly have had more pleasure in bringing about and undergoing the happy convalescence than the critic has in reading Miss Shaw's sunny and cheery account of it.

But soon the happy party at St. Gilbert's has to be broken up. The Colonel and his *fidus Achates*, Jack Charteris, are ordered off to the seat of war. Cheswick made Ailsa promise that she would not marry while he was away. He implored his darling to keep free. "Free at the end of the war as I am now, dear Daddy," she said; and her eyes sparkled bright and gladly as they looked into his.

During the Colonel's absence Ailsa's hand was sought by Lord Amyot, who, it is explained, had an hereditary right to be a fool, and who made no sparing use of his privilege. Ailsa told his lordship that while her father was campaigning she could not engage herself to anybody; and that, if at any future time she should consent to be his wife, it was not because he was Lord Amyot and would be Duke of Exborough, but "because you are rich, and by marrying you I can keep St. Gilbert's."

But Ailsa's father never comes back. The "Colonel lad" was killed charging at the head of his regiment. "He died as he himself would have wished to die—like a soldier, with no fruits of victory but the faith in it." As the great Duke said of one of his lieutenants, "God Almighty made that man a soldier." Duty was his ideal; for duty he would die; but his ideal of duty was that of a soldier, not of a poet or an enthusiast. "When," he said once, "it comes to wanting a cause, to the righteous indignation or the patriotic fervour which fellows talk about, then, I say, you may be a missionary, a martyr, a hero if you like, but you are no soldier. Our estimate of a good soldier is based upon this ultimate fact, of which we are well assured, that, put him in a fortress breach with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front." And Jack Charteris agreed with him. "So long," said the Captain, "as man is man there will be sympathy with self-sacrifice; and the soldier is, however imperfectly, the symbol of it."

Some time after the Colonel's death Lord Amyot resumed his suit, and began to recommend himself to the lady by roundly abusing the parent whom she had loved with all the passion of her soul and whose memory she worshipped. His fate was sealed. We hardly like to say whether Miss Cheswick ever married any one else, and, if so, whom. The reader should not be cheated of the pleasure of finding this out for himself. *Colonel Cheswick's Campaign* is decidedly a book to read. The Colonel himself, if not impeccable, is very lovable. If Ailsa is not always supremely wise, she is generally charming. Lady Julia Bradford is quite a person to know. Mrs. Cheswick's heart is very small, and her brain is no bigger, but she amuses. Jack Charteris is a man to win women's love, and little Lord Tommie, of whom we have not left ourselves space to speak more particularly, is as pleasant an Irish peer as is to be found in fact or fiction.

The "Sealed Orders" are Mr. Sydney Le Marchant's dying injunctions to his son, prefaced by the confession of a crime which the writer had committed in this wise. He had been travelling in the Holy Land with his friend George Vandeleur. They were both in love with the same woman. George, who was a well-made, handsome young fellow, laughed at the idea of resigning his claims on the lady to a fellow who was almost deformed. Angry words ensued, and they parted company. Le Marchant knew that the little wall which Vandeleur climbed as he left him enclosed a loathsome leper asylum. He was so mad with jealousy that he could not bring himself to speak the warning which rose to his lips. He went his way, and returned to England. Vandeleur, who, though a strong, manly fellow, had a morbid horror of infection of any kind, died of fear rather than of the hideous disease he so dreaded. Le Marchant married Janet Carter. Mrs. Le Marchant died in giving birth to a son. Her widower, who was a nominal Roman Catholic with a tendency to Agnosticism, resolved to inflict upon himself a terrible penance. He would go and live his life and end his days on the Island of the Hopeless in the Hawaiian Archipelago, to which all lepers in the Sandwich Islands are banished. Chronology is not Mrs. (or Miss) Lysaght's strong point. She makes people wear the Victoria Cross long before it was instituted, and she antedates by fifteen or twenty years the settlement of the Hawaiian Island as a habitat for lepers. Le Marchant's son is the hero of the second part of the story. Though in this book there is a great deal of plot, the author has apparently had some difficulty in filling her three volumes. She gives us two fairly good heroes and two very good heroines, a changeling, a thwarted love affair, a quasi-murder, a melodramatic Roman Catholic priest, and a secret marriage. Here one would think that there was stuff enough for two three-volume novels, and yet all the telling points are spoiled by wearisome iteration and endless repetition. It is because there is so much that is good in this novel that we are provoked at its being so faulty. The author is mistaken in supposing that she makes her style terse by cutting up her sentences into foolishly short paragraphs.

Zeph is a posthumous story by the lamented author of that pretty prose poem *Ramona*. The scene is laid in Colorado, and the story is a very simple one. Zeph Ricker has a drunken, dissolute wife, whom he persists in loving in spite of the shame she brings upon him. At last she gets divorced from him (not he from her), and marries the man she had been living with. When Zeph finds himself free by no act of his own, he marries

Miss Sophy Burr, who had employed him on her ranch, and who had gradually grown to love him so much that she almost asked him to make her his wife. Love passages between a young woman and a man whom she knows to have a wife living are not, as a rule, pleasant or edifying reading; but, if we can for the nonce persuade ourselves to condone the laxity of the marriage laws of certain parts of the United States, we are bound to say that nothing can be prettier in its way than Miss Jackson's description of the courtship of Zeph and Sophy.

"There won't be a happier man in California than he'll be now," said Mrs. Ricker, about a year after their marriage and emigration from Colorado. And a flush born of a secret known only to Miss Sophy's own heart was read on her cheek as she went to the door and called her husband in to supper.

No person with a taste for homely beauty should fail to make Miss Burr's acquaintance. She is not invariably sweet, not unfrequently she is like Longfellow's apple, "of a pleasant sour"; but she is always good to listen to.

CHINA AND THE ROMAN ORIENT.*

ON the Nestorian tablet which was found at Si-gan fu in 1625, and of which mention has lately been made in connexion with a proposal to remove it to the British Museum, it is stated that the author of the inscription and his fellow-missionaries were natives of a country spoken of as Ta Ts'in. Long before the date of this monument (A.D. 781) the Chinese had been familiar with the name of this region, which, as regards its identification, has afforded to geographers as hard a nut to crack on the west of China as Fusang has on the east. Around its records statements and legends have collected, which have served to confuse rather than elucidate the question, and which have found their way, with wearisome iteration, into every history and encyclopedia through a long vista of centuries. The fact of the mention of Ta Ts'in in connexion with the introduction of Christianity into China has invested it with an interest which would not otherwise belong to it, and for two centuries the attention of European missionaries and others has been directed towards its identification. At first sight the inscription on the Nestorian tablet would appear to point to Ta Ts'in being Syria; but the description given in the Chinese histories of the country, its boundaries, capital, and people, led Viadelou and De Guignes, and more recently, Bretschneider, Edkins, and Richthofen, to consider that it represented the Roman Empire in its full extent, with Rome as its capital. On the other side, Paravey, Wylie, and Pauthier stood forth as prominent champions of the claims of Syria. Dr. Hirth tells us that, on entering the lists, he was disposed to range himself with the advocates for Rome; but that a closer investigation of the Chinese texts convinced him that the truth lay in the opposite camp.

It requires some acquaintance with Chinese literature to be able to imagine the confused entanglements which grow up around the descriptions of foreign countries in native works. Colonel Yule denounces the notices of Ta Ts'in in the Chinese histories as "puerile nonsense," and so they unquestionably are when read as the Chinese authors present them. Taken literally they contain many direct contradictions which can only be explained by a critical examination of the most important texts, bearing on the subject. These Dr. Hirth has collected in the present volume, and with exemplary diligence he has devoted himself to the task of elucidating the mysteries they contain. That he has only partially succeeded in doing so is due to his trustful confidence in Chinese historians. It is an old saying that a man is commonly accepted in society at his own valuation; and certainly the faith which is put in the authority of Chinese writers would lead one to assume that the maxim is equally applicable to nations as to individuals. The unhesitating claim to superior knowledge asserted by the Chinese, and their profound contempt for the mushroom literature of Europe, have so imposed on the imaginations of sinologues that they have accepted with unquestioning faith statements and assurances which would be regarded as "puerile nonsense" if met with in any other literature in the world.

Dr. Hirth's volume opens with a full and interesting introduction, which is followed by translations of seventeen notices of Ta Ts'in selected from the most important native historical works, beginning with the *Shiki*, which was written about the first century B.C., and ending, in point of time, with the history of the Ming dynasty, published in 1724. Next come the texts from which the translations are made, and to these succeeds a chapter, consisting of half the volume, on the identifications Dr. Hirth claims to have established between Ta Ts'in and Syria. When we add that the work throughout is most carefully done, and that the pages abound with footnotes, it will be understood that Dr. Hirth has bestowed endless labour on the undertaking. Unfortunately, however, the edifice he has succeeded in raising, far from being founded upon a rock, as he believes, rests in reality upon nothing better than sand. This becomes apparent when we state that the texts which form the basis of his arguments are not consistent notices of any one country, but have reference to several widely separated districts bearing the same name. With the ignorance common to Chinese writers on foreign subjects the older authors have fallen into the error of confusing the accounts given by travellers and others of different countries bearing the

common name of Ta Ts'in, and have jumbled them all up together in an *olla podrida* of incongruities.

This is much as though a Turkish historian were to take from a gazetteer the accounts of the coalfields of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the tropical products of Newcastle in Jamaica, and the port of Newcastle in New South Wales, and combine the information. If it is possible to imagine the difficulty of reconciling the description of these widely different scenes, and of harmonizing the divergent sailing directions towards each locality, some idea may be gained of the hopeless task which Dr. Hirth has set himself. Even he is obliged on occasions to adopt shifts which tend to throw supreme discredit on the native records. At times he finds it necessary to consider that east means west, and west east, and he is compelled to regard the Chinese li, or mile, as an uncertain quantity—sometimes as meaning the usual distance, about a third of an English mile, sometimes as equalling a stadium, and sometimes as being nothing more than a pace. Again, 10,000 li have to do duty for 40,000, and the presence of rhinoceroses in the neighbourhood of Syria has to be supported on the charmingly naïve principle that, though "we possess no positive proof of the rhinoceros having existed in Chaldaea, I am also not aware of ancient authors stating that it did not exist there."

When, however, the texts are taken to pieces, and the paragraphs adjusted to the Ta Ts'ins intended by the original authors, the mystery becomes plain, and we have fairly consistent accounts of the four Ta Ts'ins known to history. One was the ancient State and dynasty of that name; another was a district in the neighbourhood of Turfan, in the north-west of China; a third was the country which Dr. Hirth believes to have been Syria; and the fourth was Dakshina, in Southern India. If this name were the only one in the records subject to repetitions, it would be easy to identify the locality intended in each case by the references made to the surrounding countries. But, curiously enough, the two countries most nearly connected with Dr. Hirth's Ta Ts'in have names which are common to almost as many districts as Ta Ts'in itself; and in one instance, in the neighbourhood of Turfan, they both appear in close proximity to it. An-hsi and Tiao-chih are commonly spoken of as being on the road to Ta Ts'in. This would apply equally well to the Ta Ts'in near Turfan, and to Syria. But besides these two An-hsi, there are two others, one being the region of the Andhras, on the eastern coast of India, and the other being in the south-western portion of Kansuh. (It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that the Chinese characters used to express the names of these places are not always the same, but that being in the majority of cases merely phonetic signs, they have been varied at the discretion of the writers. For instance, a place which Dr. Hirth identifies with Rehem is written in the texts in three different ways.)

Of the texts reproduced by Dr. Hirth the extract from the *Wei-lie* which is quoted in the *San-kwo-chi* is unquestionably the most important. The *Wei-lie*, or short history of the Wei dynasty, is now lost; but it is believed to have been compiled about the year 264 A.D., and it is therefore one of the earliest, as it is also one of the fullest, authorities on this much-disputed country. Here, then, we have a text which should yield some practical result, and so it does, but not in Dr. Hirth's sense, for we find that it is made up of a perfect patchwork of inconsistencies. That this should be so naturally follows from the uncritical habit common to Chinese compilers of reproducing statements made by earlier writers without casting a thought on their intrinsic value. Had the author of the *Wei-lie* been in the habit of doing so it is difficult to understand how he could have imagined that the following passage (para. 50-55) could by any possibility be reconciled with the other statements referring, it may be, to Syria:—

After the road from Ta Ts'in had been performed from the north of the sea by land, another road was tried which followed the sea to the south, and connected with the north of the outer barbarians at the seven principalities of Chiao-chih [Tong-king]; and there was also a water-road leading through to Yiehou and Yung-ch'ang [in the present Yunnan]. It was for this reason that curiosities came from Yung-ch'ang. Formerly only the water-road was spoken of; they did not know there was an overland route. Now the accounts of the country are as follows. The number of inhabitants cannot be stated. This country is the largest in the west of the Ts'ung-ling.

A moment's reflection is enough to show that this passage cannot refer to Syria, but that it evidently points to a Ta Ts'in in, or in the vicinity of, India (Dakshina); and that the routes indicated are (1) round the Malay peninsula to Tong-king, and (2) through Burma into China by the now famous Bamo road. The Ts'ung-ling mountains referred to are the Karakorum range on the north-east of India. The writer then goes on to describe the States subject to Ta Ts'in, and concludes with the following reference to the mythical geography of North-Western China:—

In the west of Ta Ts'in is the water of the sea; west of this is the water of a river; west of the river there is a large range of hills extending from north to south; west of this is the Ch'ih Shui (Red River); west of the Ch'ih Shui there is the White Jade hill; on the White Jade hill there is the Hsi-wang-mu; west of the Hsi-wang-mu there is the rectified Liu-sha (the "flying sands"); west of the Liu-sha there are the four countries of Ta-hsia, Chien-sha, Shu-yu, and Yuch-chih. West of these there is the Hei-shui (Black or Dark River), which is reported to be the western terminus of the world.

Such passages as these, and there are many more of a similar kind, cannot be treated seriously as referring either to Syria or to the Roman Empire. And even Dr. Hirth admits that they point neither to Tiao-chih nor Ta Ts'in. But he is unwilling to treat them as irrelevant, and considers that "it looks as if ancient

* *China and the Roman Orient: Researches into their Ancient and Medieval Relations as represented in the old Chinese Records.* By F. Hirth. Leipzig and Munich: George Hirth.

reports received in China from those countries contained certain features recalling associations connected with the still earlier Hsi-wang-mu legends," and hence their reproduction in the text. Such faith might remove mountains. That the Chinese author himself recognized inconsistencies in the earlier records concerning T'iao-chih and Ta Ts'in is obvious from the first four paragraphs of the *Wei-lie* text. But after the manner of his kind, instead of seeking for some intelligible explanation of the apparent contradictions, he contents himself by saying that the ancients were wrong:—

Formerly [he writes] T'iao-chih was wrongly believed to be in the west of Ta Ts'in; now its real position is [known to be] east. Formerly it was also wrongly believed to be stronger than An-hsi; now it is changed into a vassal State said to make the western frontier of An-hsi. Formerly it was further wrongly believed that the Jo-shin [weak water] was in the west of T'iao-chih; now the Jo-shin is [believed to be] in the west of Ta Ts'in. Formerly it was wrongly believed that, going over two hundred days west of T'iao-chih, one came near the place where the sun sets; now one comes near the place where the sun sets by going west of Ta Ts'in.

We have said enough to show that, though the Chinese records are generally vague concerning Ta Ts'in, they are explicit enough on one point, and that is that, instead of referring to any one country of that name, they refer to three or four. Starting from this ground the texts quoted by Dr. Hirth would form an interesting study for any scholar with a taste for remodelling mosaics, or for un-knitting and re-arranging literary webs after the manner of the Ta Tsinese, who, we are told, loved to unravel the silk stuffs of China to convert them into gauze and damask.

STORY-BOOKS.*

OUR LITTLE ANN has in its disfavour a rather sickly title and a bad beginning. Assuredly the writer has no authentic "human documents" to support her description of the school-mistress at Laburnum Villa—a Miss Primmer, who loves the Latin master, and who, surprising him in the act of giving a consolatory kiss to her little charity-girl, Ann Nugent, turns man and maid out at gates. All this is very coarse work. The finikin nature of the subject, the feminine detail, and some little realistic touches here and there may doubtless beguile the reader into ignoring this coarseness; but there is more perhaps of rude, ready-made, and wholesale literature in simple little stories for young people than in any other kind of fiction. We do not insist that all the Miss Primmers of story-books should be as mingled, moderate, and dull of nature as most of the Miss Primmers of life; but we should like to see the caricature, if caricature there be, presented with conviction and invention, and not according to the labour-saving manner. The humour, satire, and severity with which the author of *Our Little Ann* visits Laburnum Villa have the extravagance and commonplace, the profusion and cheapness, of large production by machine. But when the little heroine finds a refuge with the master's mother in Paragon Terrace the book becomes hand-made and sincere. There are certainly "human documents" in support of Ann's new career. The housekeeping and aspect of Paragon Terrace are prettily given. Ann got "quite fiery discussing the iniquities of the butcher, and the amount of bone and fat he had artfully weighed in with the beef, and spoke in such severe terms of him that Mrs. Garnett . . . was obliged to mention a few palliating circumstances, such as his having a large family, and one of them an idiot, poor thing, and his wife a poor manager and shocking health." Moreover, the dear little girl dedicates herself with fervour to renewing the "thing" in the handmaiden's bonnet—"a combination of crimson chenille and glass dangles, finishing off with cock's feathers and black coral." Soon, however, little Ann, waxing in years, has more tender interests. Her perplexity between two brothers, and the slow progress of her change of heart, are all natural and affecting. The perplexity reaches what she dreams to be a crisis of fate (for the poor child's difficulty is an innocent but disastrous delusion), and she flies. The love with which an old man of seventy-two cherishes her in her new life makes an original incident. It is his first love. "That heart had not sighed and palpitated for dozens,

fifty years before; had not been served up on the hymeneal altar two or three times . . . was, in short, certainly less of an insult to offer to a pure girl than many a heart of five-and-twenty." How the sacrifice is prevented, and how, wandering to Paragon Terrace, Ann inquires in vain at the milkman's with the Nevill's bread in the window, and finds all moved, forgotten, changed, is very tenderly told. So is the happy ending of long and wasted sorrows.

In *Coward and Coquette*, too, we share the heroine's uncertainties between the right lover and the wrong. There are reminiscences or suggestions of *Wuthering Heights* in the family of savage farmers into which the heroine is introduced at the opening. That a young lady of twenty should spend a *villeggiatura* all by herself as a boarder in such a family—a prowling kind of bachelor being a fellow-boarder—is an incident of manners which we must take as we find it. Miss Winifred Gerard meets with devotion enough to flatter keener coquetry, and with mysteries enough to alarm greater cowardice, than can be laid to her charge. For a modern heroine she behaves very nicely indeed, and in her autobiographical recital she certainly displays a pleasant habit of observation and an effective knack of description. In one character—that of "Giner," the servant—the author has furnished Winifred with a very original and amusing subject. It is impossible to help seeing the first suggestion of Giner in the enigmatical serving-woman who frightened *Jane Eyre*; but it is merely the suggestion. The woman in *Coward and Coquette* is an important character, well filled in. And the whole family group is composed of distinctly imagined persons; if the handsome, sullen, but love-transformed son is a rather familiar figure, so is not the unfortunate, indolent, impassioned Mattie, nor the overworked mother with her life secret. Few stories, indeed, in which there are such items as a lonely farm, a mysterious refugee, a fire, a murder, and a lovely heroine between two adorers are so fresh and so interesting as is *Coward and Coquette*.

Although manslaughter, Socialism, and the Bristol riots of 1831 form the subject of *Under the Mendips*, it is not to be accused of sensational effects. It is throughout a gentle story, in which strong events are much disguised by the feminine telling. Joyce Falconer is a good girl, of a country breeding more distinctive than would be possible in our days, but otherwise not differentiated from all the other excellent young heroines in early teens who wear cotton frocks and clustering curls, and whom their excellent fathers call "Sunshine"—a sickly habit. But Joyce's brother has the mark of his time, a certain Georgian flavour, which is well given. So is the housewifeliness of the mother, who washes her own china and silver, and withstands the popular education movement fostered by Mrs. Hannah More; so, too, is the sentimentality of the secondary heroine, who sighs for a high-born lover and writes poetry. How long past are the days in which the secondary heroines of life and fiction laid themselves open to mild satire by pursuits and humours of this kind! Of course Mrs. Marshall is better in the passages of household manners than in the passages of movement. The wild maiden, Susan Friday, who is anxious about the spiritual condition of her father, is not a very living character. In one scene, when this father makes a desperate attack upon Joyce, and Susan comes to the rescue, the action is, indeed, not a little grotesque. The villain is felled by the hero, and Susan "seats herself on her father's chest." In this position she sketches the family history, makes some observations on Mrs. Hannah More's reforms, gushes about a baby, and releases the murderous Friday only after the lapse of four pages of literature. Mrs. Marshall treats all the historical parts of her story instructively, and her teaching is throughout religious and honest. If her mob is too readily appeased by the presentation of buns by the heroine and by her pious exhortations, the burning of Queen Square and the Mansion House is yet given according to the record of the facts. The buns and the exhortations save the lives of Mrs. Marshall's favourite personages only. The book is illustrated, principally by little bits of local scenery.

A faint Algerian local colour and a pleasant and sympathetic treatment of French conventual life—slightly, but truly, touched—redeem *The Story of Catherine* from its otherwise rather melancholy character. There is a good deal of paralysis and other illness, and the heroine has much to endure in punishment for her venial faults. She is a good girl, and the modern reviewer is always thankful for a good heroine; but she is led into exceptional concealments, miseries, and misfortunes. Nor is her fate mended at last. Having given her the wrong husband at the outset, the author does not remove him either from the world or from poor Catherine's life; he does not even undergo reformation to any appreciable extent. While the ordinary novel ends with a marriage, *The Story of Catherine* ends with the publication of the marriage that has cost so much trouble all through the book. "The world said that she was insufficiently punished. . . . She was not punished at all, said some ladies, for she got as many wedding presents on her return to England as though she had married decorously like other women." Some of the minor characters, Aunt Elizabeth especially, are presented with a certain charm and sincerity; nor is the style or the feeling commonplace.

The motive of *Winning the Victory* is explicitly moral and instructive. It can do its young readers nothing but good, provided only that it does not suggest scruples. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols" is an excellent text for the meditation of

* *Our Little Ann*. By the Author of "Tip-cat" &c. London: Walter Smith.

Confessions of a Coward and Coquette. Edited by the Author of "The Parish of Hilby." London: Ward & Downey.

Under the Mendips. By Emma Marshall. London: Seeley & Co.

The Story of Catherine. By Ashford Owen, Author of "A Lost Love." London: Macmillan & Co.

Winning the Victory. By Evelyn Everett-Green. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Sons.

Lulu's Library. By Louisa M. Alcott. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Truth is Told. By W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon. London: Macmillan & Co.

Daisy of Old Meadows. By Agnes Gibberne. London: James Nisbet & Co.

David Broome, Artist. By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. New Edition. London: Ward & Downey.

Suddenly! a Startling Romance of Real Life. By J. H. Croxall. London and Otley: Walker & Sons.

A Bitter Christmas. By Bertram Gray. London: J. & R. Maxwell.

Haunted Heirlooms. By Richard Spearman. London: Thomas G. Ramell.

Elise Duval. By Mrs. H. Odersfeld. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

those who are not literally little children; but we are not certain that a boy's thoughts are quite wholesomely turned to the question whether he is making an idol of his carpentering pleasures. Miss Everett-Green, however, applies the Apostle's words to very young Christians. We once saw an edition of Gray's *Elegy* illustrated, and the illustrator had taken the words "little tyrant" in the same literal sense. The village Hampden was a good boy protecting an injured dog from the little tyrant, who was a bad boy. The young personages in the story before us have in some instances, it must be owned, grave idols to dethrone, and they are all made the better for their self-examination.

Miss Louisa Alcott has made her specialty of those years in a girl's life that come between the time of the doll and the time of the lover. She has written of all the phases of youth—of bridals and of schools and of "little men" and of young mothers. But her own subject is the girl proper. In *Lily's Library*, however, she writes of little children for little children, and does it charmingly. Best, perhaps, of the stories is that which tells of Lily's journey into Candy Country, Cake Land, and Bread Land. Excursionists of this kind have followed now for some twenty years the footsteps of Alice into Wonderland; but Miss Alcott shows a fresh inventiveness, and takes her little readers so realistically through the sticky and indigestible countries of sweets and cakes that they will enjoy the plain loaf at the end in perfect sympathy with the heroine. Names of good things are generally international enough, we find, for English readers, though some of the candies and "cookies" may need translation, and there is more maize meal in the wholesome country than our little ones are accustomed to. The book is very prettily illustrated.

Truth in Tale is a collection of allegories for children. In our experience children are apt to dislike allegory very keenly. They are troubled with a sense of the unreality given to the outward and obvious story, and make vigorous mental efforts to keep the implied or suggested meaning out of sight. They believe that reality is being sacrificed, and resent the idea that the precious facts of a story are being feigned and that their faith in them is cheated or utilized. Many children who are quite patient and docile under the most explicit and emphatic moral will rebel at the suggested moral of an allegory, because in the former case the story pretends at least to be true, and in the latter it does not. The Bishop of Ripon, however, has evidently tried *Truth in a Tale* upon an audience of "children worshipping at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate," to whom he dedicates the book; and the stories are imaginative, tender in feeling, and simple enough. The readers should be children of a certain age.

Daisy of Old Meadow is not about a cow; it relates the virtues and fortunes of a young maid who bears the name. She reforms an avaricious father, a very brutal old fellow, who is described as a slave to the gentlemanly vice, but who gives it up with improbable completeness at Daisy's instance. The little story contains an elementary lesson in cookery, a thunderstorm in which Daisy and a labourer are "struck," and other elements of interest. The cookery lesson is about the making of a rice pudding, which the extravagant housewife is bidden to make without butter, sugar, or eggs. By all means let the inharmonious egg be omitted; but they must be exceptional young cottagers (especially the boys) who will feed upon the dish as recommended. The illustrations are even worse than we are prepared for with stories of this kind.

David Broome, Artist: or, Out of the World, appears in a new edition, with rather unequal illustrations by Mr. F. Barnard. The story is well constructed and good in tone, but it is not very effective. An exercise might be proposed to ingenious authors in the translation of Mrs. O'Reilly's matter into interesting English. Her ethics are precisely of the kind which lose greatly by commonplace form, but would have a quite scientific character if treated with point and care. For instance, the relations of one or two of her characters are much like the spiritual commerce of some persons of George Eliot's. But the author of *David Broome* presents them in a rather dull vocabulary. It is a pity, too, that, taking an artist for her hero, she should not treat his work with a little more realization of what painting is. "Genius" and "exquisite finish" and "soft tints" are hardly up to date. But the fruit-gardens in which the scene is laid are better and truer. And the unworldliness and lofty feeling of the story are very pleasant.

The last four volumes on our list are rather desperate attempts at catching at a bad folly as it flies. One of them, indeed, is a curiosity. In *Suddenly!* we have a wild story, but the wildness is silly rather than mad, and the incoherent pages, stuffed with quotations, are illiterate in style. Three hundred and seventy pages of small type are insufficient for what the author is minded to bestow upon us. Towards the end he flings himself into a sermon, but he has previously ramped among gipsies, inquests, child-stealings, seductions, and a state of things which can only be described as "ructions." We would save from this overpowering story one flower of rustic speech—"weeping and wailing and national teeth"—which is evidently real, and which we rather wonder this wild author had the wit to preserve. *A Bitter Christmas* and *Haunted Heirlooms* are fairly interesting sensational stories, the first a little more reasonable than the second. *Elise Duval* is thin and poor almost beyond description. It slides away from the point of the critical pen, and has not substance enough to be transixed.

THE LEGENDS OF THE PUNJAB.—VOL. II.*

CAPTAIN TEMPLE has not lost much time in publishing a second volume of his *Legends of the Punjab*, the first portion having been reviewed in this journal in September 1884. Out of a mass of materials which already go far to make a third volume, and may overflow into a fourth, he has now given us nineteen legends or ballads about Rajas, Mahomedan saints, lovely and high-born princesses and maidens of low degree. Some of these tales are popular versions of those wonderful old poems the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. Others commemorate local heroes answering to the Hobbie Nobles and the Kimmont Willies of the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Three relate to a mysterious personage styled Farijan or Pharijan, of whom we shall presently speak. One is a ballad in the Biluchi language, which philologists class with Pushtu, one of the Iranic branch of the Aryan family, and which is stated to be quite distinct from the Brahui, though both tongues are spoken within the same area—that is, on the western frontier of the Punjab, in Kelat, and in Mekran. The prevalent dialect of the tales is Punjabi, which some of the most competent authorities, notably Mr. R. N. Cust and Mr. Beames, both of the Bengal Civil Service, assert to be a branch of the Hindi, to have no title to a separate existence or classification, and to be distinguished from that language only by some peculiarities in the declensions and conjugations, by phonetic vagaries, and by a predominance of local words. It is quite certain, in any case, that the civil and military officers of the Bengal Presidency "pass backwards and forwards" from the Doab of Hindostan to the Doabs of the Punjab without undergoing any separate linguistic test, and without experiencing more difficulty in picking up new phrases and catching a strange pronunciation than can be overcome by a decent linguist in a sojourn of a few months. We gratefully acknowledge the help of the translation which Captain Temple has given of every ballad, and which will enable a fair Sanskrit and Hindi scholar, not merely to follow the purport of the original, but to track truncated substantives to their classical originals, to pick his way through the jungle of confused moods and tenses, and to detect the variations from that older and better form of Hindi which is best spoken and best written at and near Delhi, Benares, and Lucknow. But, as remarked on a previous occasion, many of the phrases will delight a philologist, bewilder a grammarian, and perplex an examiner quite as much as a candidate. That the materials for this volume have not been collected, sifted, and reduced to shape without unwearied labour and supervision of informants is very clear. Members of the Civil Service and native gentlemen have freely placed their accumulations at the author's disposal. All the tales are not of the same value, and one or two are somewhat tedious and lack point. But there is a good deal to interest and amuse, and we are more disposed to welcome the fruits of occasional leisure and the experiences of official work in tent and *kaoheri* than we should a puffy pamphlet in which the writer endeavours, in despite of Lord Metcalfe's warning, to turn young India into a community of genuine Anglo-Saxons. One remark in the preface is open to question. Captain Temple tells us that, except as a science, folk-lore is not worth serious study at all. If he means by this that a collector of romances in prose and verse should be a good linguist, should be well grounded in Oriental history, and should be able to extract the grain of historical truth that may be concealed in the bushel of extravagant chaff; that he should show a sound judgment in sifting fact and falsehood; that he should avoid the snare of tracing every romantic adventure to a Sun Myth; that he should be able to distinguish between what is incredible *per se* and what, though credible and characteristic enough, rests on no trustworthy evidence; that he should detect at a glance some bewildering fusion of Hindu mythology and Mahomedan tradition; and that he should not, like Jonathan Oldbuck, seek for far-fetched derivations for a ruined fortress in supercession of one which lay ready to hand—we entirely agree with him. The man who collects and records the wise sayings of a popular poet has himself much need of wisdom and discrimination. But Captain Temple will hardly get out of these stories "any reliable data" to explain "why particular peoples are mentally what they are found to be." A string of ballads may aid Anglo-Indian administrators in discovering the popular bent and in fathoming the reasons for contentment or dissatisfaction with a new land-law or a novel tax; but this is about all. The word science is in danger of being imported into subjects with which it can have little in common.

The following tale is short, and it was told to an English lady by a Munshi of the Lahore district. A certain Brahman named Jati (the high-caste?) had a son named Pheru, who was born to him at the intercession of a Mahomedan saint named Sakhi Sarwar. Pheru was by his father on his death-bed directed to worship at Sakhi's shrine, and the son worshipped so fervently that at his prayer the saint appeared to the Emperor Akbar, and bade him appoint the suppliant Governor of Emanabad, in the district of Gujranwala. Pheru accordingly was dressed in robes of honour, like Christopher Sly, made governor, and became the master of *Patta*, *Rayat*, and *Parganna*—that is, of title-deeds,

* *The Legends of the Punjab*. By Captain R. C. Temple, Royal Staff Corps, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Member of the Royal Asiatic, Philological, and Folk-lore Societies, the Anthropological Institute, the Asiatic Society of Bengal, &c., Corresponding Member of the Numismatic Society of Philadelphia, Associate of the Victoria Institute, &c. Vol. II. Bombay: Education Society's Press. London: Trübner & Co.

tenants, and broad lands. Let the reader note these three things which come home to the native heart. But here naturally arose the question of caste. Pheru, on the one hand, wanted to make converts, and on the other, the Brahmans would not allow him to attend a marriage because he worshipped at a Mussulman shrine. Caste prevailed, and Pheru gave up the saint, who in a passion sent another saint to punish the deserter with a horrible leprosy. The colour of his skin was changed; he had to live on straw, in a hut instead of a palace; and he was fed, as a loathsome object, by an old woman on bread and water. In his misery he again turned to Sakhi Sarwar, confessed that he had erred even as Rama, Sita, and Lachman had done, and prayed for relief. This confession brought Sakhi and another saint, one Bhairon, disguised as physicians, from Kabul; and they cured him by giving him some earth and water to swallow, extorting from him a promise that he would give them some flour or grain for their horses. The curious part of the tale is that the Brahman, when cured, refused to perform his promise; and the two saints galloped off, while Pheru went home to his wife Lakshmi. However, a feeling of regret came over him, and he started to worship Sakhi at his shrine. Arriving at the river Ravi he was miraculously ferried across it on a mat of grass, and over the Sutlej by a mat of reeds; and so got to Nigaba. Here the saint, in disguise, persuaded him to take food prepared by his own wife, the Lady Bai. Again the caste prejudice prevailed, and he denied that he had eaten strange and unlawful food; whereupon certain gold pieces and gold utensils given him by Sakhi were changed to brass and back again to gold. After this the Brahman returned home safe and sound, recovered his former lordship, and, we doubt not, worshipped the Mahomedan saint ever afterwards. Captain Temple apprehends that this story refers to the possession of power by some local Hindu, of whom we know nothing more. To us, looking to the Mahomedan phrases of Rabb (God), Maulla (Lord), and to the general scope of the story, it would appear that the aim of the narrator was to exalt a new religion, and to ridicule the terrors of caste. In the very next ballad we hear all about Sakhi Sarwar himself. He had four brothers, who, in dividing the paternal inheritance, gave him only the bad land. In order to pay or to avoid paying his rent, he performed miracles before the Governor of Multan, clothed beggars, killed a horse and brought it to life again, and ended by marrying the Governor's daughter. The ceremonial of this marriage is almost entirely Hindu. As a test of his power the saint was asked to hit a golden cup placed on the top of a bamboo, and he pierced it with his arrow at the first shot, when Ghanu the Pathan had ignominiously failed.

The legend of a saintly Raja named Puran Bhagat, if not the most moral, is one of the most curious in the volume. It is made up of asceticism and indulgence, fiery passions and heroic resistance. It is, however, in some parts extremely confused. Captain Temple himself from his notes seems occasionally puzzled to account for a sudden transition from one speaker to another. A local bard named Qadar Yar claims its authorship, and adds that some sing it in verses and some sing it to drums and fiddles. With or without any such accompaniment it is occasionally hard to follow. The date is about that of the monarch Salivahana or Salwan and his legendary sons Rasalu, of whom we heard much in vol. i., and Puran Bhagat. Raja Salwan, by the advice of Gorakh, a saint who went about with more than five thousand visible disciples and as many more invisible, proceeded to the Court of Raja Chandal, somewhere in the north of the Panjab. On his way he gave cards and money to Brahmans, and played at dice with four Mahomedan saints, who invariably lost. When he arrived at his destination he was warned against marrying the Raja's daughter, Achhrân; and his monitors were a lamp, a pitcher, the necklace on the neck of the Princess, and the couch, all telling him in suitable speech that the Princess had a habit of cutting off the heads of her suitors. The marriage, however, takes place, and a Brahman prophesies the birth of a son such as was Hanuman the Monkey God, to the Wind, Rama to Dasarath, or Ravana who carried off Sita. At this point of the story we are introduced to a certain holy man named Pipa, who, if he ever lived at all, may have lived about seven hundred years after the date of the story. He finds a mysterious lady in his garden, whom he accosts either as a fairy or a great calamity. She explains that she is one of Indra's nymphs, and that her name is Lona or Nuna. She begs of Pipa to preserve her fair fame, which has been soiled by contact with the common vegetable the egg-plant, the *baigun* or *brinjal*. Pipa then takes her to him as an adopted daughter. Here she is visited by Raja Salwan, who wishes to carry her off, as one of three good things—gold from earth, nectar from poison, and a wise woman of low degree. After some difficulty on the part of Pipa, the Raja marries Nuna, and takes her home under bad omens. The black partridge calls on the right, as it often does in Meadows Taylor's *Confessions of a Thug*, and a black crow croaks on the left. Nuna, we regret to state, very soon discovers that she is ill-wedded to an old man, and then ensues some rather plain speaking on the part of husband and wife. Puran is sent for next day, but is warned by his own mother, Achhrân. A black crow again is heard to utter the same ominous croak, but Puran goes on, and a dialogue ensues between him and Nuna which we do not care to repeat or epitomize. We can only say that to a seductive couplet "when like meets with like there is no sin in the Court of God," the young Puran replies by quoting the fate of Viswamitra, a Hindoo sage, who

forgot his duty and was seduced by a woman, and of Shama Tabriz, a Mahomedan saint, who, apparently for a like fault, was flayed alive and thrown down a well. It is creditable to the poet that Puran is proof against every form of seduction. "The true shall enjoy themselves in Swarga or Heaven; the false will go to Narak or Hell." Puran is for a time miraculously delivered, but is falsely accused by Nuna, who calls on Salwan to slay her traducer. Here again God, nature, and man protect the innocent. The common scavenger refuses to do an executioner's work. A boiling cauldron of oil does not singe a hair of Puran's body. But the vengeance and lust of Nuna are not satisfied. Again she tempts Puran, and again she orders the scavenger to slay him. This functionary tries to deceive her by killing a fawn instead, but the trick is discovered by dipping a pearl in its blood. To cut the tale short, Puran is at last put to death under fearful tortures and thrown into a well. As the ballad has it, the poisonous Ak-tree is preserved and the good mango-tree is destroyed. But after twelve years the fairies go to the saintly Gorakh and pray for Puran. Gorakh sends his Jogis or ascetics to the well, and they draw out Puran unharmed, by virtue of a single thread procured from a holy virgin, and spun in the Dwapar or third age of the world. All trouble, however, is not quite over. Women who draw water at a well are turned into asses and Jogis into bullocks. Puran lives in a hole for thirty-six years. A strange Rani named Sundran kills herself for love of Puran, who returns in disguise to his own mother, Achhrân, is recognized, but refuses the kingdom of his father; and the poem ends with something between a curse and a blessing from Puran's mouth. "It was no fault of Nuna. It was just what was written by Fate. The boys that played with me should be made nobles; the faithful scavenger must be rewarded by five villages; but my curse will descend on the posterity of Nuna, who by swallowing grapes and rice shall bear a son destined to marry many Queens and to leave no issue behind him."

We have only room for the analysis of one more ballad. There are men living who remember the events on which it is founded. There are three versions of the tale. A certain Sahab called Farjan or Pharijan fell in love with the beautiful sister of a convict who was employed in out-door labour at the canals in the district of Delhi. The convict's name, by the way, is Ami Chand; in reality is the same as Omychund, which is so often mentioned in connexion with Olive and has perplexed so many essayists and philologists. Farjan is described as an old man who had come all the way from Calcutta on a bob-tailed nag, had worshipped the "five Saints" on the road, and had pitched his tent near the village of Ghungana. He approached Sarwan, the convict's sister, as she was cutting a field of millet, dazzled her with ornaments of gold and glittering jewels, promised to make her father a local magnate and her brother a policeman, seated her on an elephant, and carried her off to his home, shedding many tears and vainly calling on her companions. In revenge for this insult Ami Chand watched his opportunity and murdered Farjan. This is the tale extracted from a prose narrative and two short ballads, sung by the people for political reasons. The explanation of the myth is very simple and is as follows. Farjan is Mr. William Fraser, who was Commissioner and Agent to the Governor-General at Delhi—not Political Resident, as stated by Captain Temple—some fifty years ago. He had to find fault with a certain Nawab named Shamsuddin Khan, of Loharu, and according to one account, had to settle a dispute between the Khan and his brothers regarding a family estate in a manner which highly displeased the Nawab. In revenge for this the Nawab had the Commissioner murdered by one of his own servants. A full account of the affair is given, as Captain Temple says, in Colonel Sleeman's *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*. But a very concise and telling version is to be found in Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. i. p. 74 and following. The simple truth is that no suspicion of immorality rests on Mr. Fraser, and that the Nawab was a vindictive scoundrel who was properly convicted and hanged after a full and fair trial.

The other stories all abound in striking phrases, pithy couplets, and curious episodes. They point a moral as to the government of the masses, who are attached to their paternal acres, fond of myths and ballads, and unprepared for violent and radical changes. But whether statesmen will shape Indian administration accordingly or not, we are quite certain that Captain Temple has been more usefully employed in this work than other officials who encourage the impudent pretensions of so-called delegates, and write foolish books about a New India.

TWO BOOKS ON BOTANY.*

THIS, the last of several books on allied subjects from the facile pen of one of the most popular scientific writers of the day, is no more disappointing and no less worthy of the genius of its author than its predecessors. It is, if we may be allowed to say so, a phenomenon of our busy age that a man with so many engagements, both public and private, as Sir John Lubbock must have can at the same time write books so pure in style and object and so useful in every way as the present one and its companions,

* *Flowers, Fruits, and Leaves*. Nature Series. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., F.R.S., M.P., D.C.L., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

The Tourist's Guide to the Flora of the Alps. By Professor K. W. v. Dalla-Torre. Translated and edited by A. W. Bennett, M.A., B.Sc., F.L.S. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886.

The Origin, &c., of Insects, British Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects, &c., to say nothing of his more elaborate treatises in various branches of science.

A careful critic cannot fail to observe that much real labour has been devoted to the compilation of the present little book, and, although some of the matter is not new—and some has been dealt with previously by the author himself—there is a charm about the treatment and the ingenious ideas which peep forth so modestly on every page, which reconciles us still more to structures and beings already more or less familiar.

The section on "Flowers" is the least original of the three, which is explained by its being chiefly a reprint. That on "Fruits" will no doubt be most interesting to ordinary readers, and it also reminds us of a lecture given some years ago by Sir John Lubbock before the members of the British Association. The third section, on "Leaves," is in many respects the most enticing, and the newest of all.

Few writers can describe the habits of flowers and insects so well as the author of this book, and his accuracy is well known; hence it becomes interesting to read that the habits of wasps as regards honey are very similar to those of bees, "and they appear to be quite as industrious." In certain experiments, in fact, the bee began work later than the wasp, and left off earlier. The modern scientific appreciation of the cumulative effects of small causes is well shown in the first chapter, dealing with the relations of flowers to insects, &c., and the experiments to show that bees, for instance, can distinguish colours are instructive and happy to a degree. The habit which bees have of working upwards from the lower flowers of a spike, and that of wasps of working in the reverse direction, are simply explained in the light of the facts told about the flowers they visit; and the description of the structure of the flowers concerned (though often given before) could scarcely be clearer or more to the point.

It is curious to note the guesses formerly made as to the significance of honey in flowers, and Sir John Lubbock's remarks on this topic are well worth reading. The taste for the marvellous is, perhaps, paid court to in the following. Writing of an American species of acacia, the author quotes Mr. Belt's account as follows:—

This tree, if unprotected, is apt to be stripped of the leaves by a leaf-cutting ant, which uses them, not directly for food, but, according to Mr. Belt, to grow mushrooms on. The *Acacia*, however, bears hollow thorns, while each leaflet produces honey in a crater-formed gland at the base, and a small, sweet, pear-shaped body at the tip. In consequence, it is inhabited by myriads of a small ant, which nests in the hollow thorns, and thus finds meat, drink, and lodging all provided for it. These ants are continually roaming over the plant, and constitute a most efficient body-guard, not only driving off the leaf-cutting ants, but, in Belt's opinion, rendering the leaves less liable to be eaten by herbivorous mammals.

Here is, indeed, a "situation"—a theme for a romance or a tragedy! Imagine the poor bucolic ant preparing his vegetable mould for the cultivation of his mushrooms, and being exterminated by the bodyguards of the tyrant *acacia*, who keeps his minions in luxurious idleness, and pampers them with sweet dishes.

Most readers will find instruction in the account of the behaviour of even our commonest plants with respect to the dispersal of their seeds, how some fling the seeds violently abroad, like the parasitic *Arcanthobium*, which throws them from tree to tree; others, like the dandelion, let them float through the air, and so on. Perhaps the most astonishing cases are those of plants which, after ripening their seeds, carefully plant them in the ground themselves. Others deceive birds into carrying their insect-like seeds abroad.

Sir John Lubbock has undoubtedly treated the subject of leaves from new and interesting points of view, and many of his remarks on the relations between the strength or thickness of the supporting branches, and the size, weight, number, &c. of the leaves they support are novel and impressive. At the same time some opportunities have been missed, and in one or two cases the author must be charged with not rendering the facts quite clear, or even with misapprehension of them. What, for instance, will a botanist make of the following? (p. 106)—

The leaves of Conifers are generally narrow and needle-like. I would venture to suggest that this may be connected with the absence of the fibro-vascular bundles which are present in the stems of Dicotyledons, such as the beech, oak, &c.

Apart from the obscurity of this remark, fibro-vascular bundles are, of course, as truly present in the leaves and stems of Conifers as in those of the Dicotyledons. Again, the statement on p. 115, with regard to the opening and closing of stomata, is somewhat too bald; while we think the real value of dense coverings of hair on young buds (to prevent injury from rapid and large changes in temperature, &c.) has been missed on p. 125. Why is it an advantage to a plant to mimic grass, and therefore escape being devoured (p. 139), is also not clear; and the statement (p. 143) that vascular bundles "conduct the nourishment sucked up by the roots" requires a little modification, since the salts and water passing up from the roots can scarcely be regarded as being as yet more than materials for the preparation of what will be nourishment eventually.

These criticisms are simply offered, however, and do not in our opinion alter the fact that the book is, on the whole, a valuable contribution to a noble object—the popularization of science—written in clever and thoughtful language.

This neat little pocket-book, in its scarlet morocco binding, does not pretend to be a complete Flora, but includes the species which

are most likely to attract the tourist botanist's attention. Common and ubiquitous plants have been rejected, with the advantage that the book is small and handy. Some slight changes have been made by the editor, for which English botanists will, no doubt, be grateful, since they conduce to usefulness in the field. An appendix gives a list of the species which have been excluded from the work; some of these might well have been embodied in the descriptive part, especially since such a common form as *Epilobium montanum* finds its place there. Of course the Saxifragaceæ and Crassulaceæ are well represented, and a large number of interesting Compositæ are described. The British tourist will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that *Gnaphalium Leontopodium*, the Edelweiss, is still a frequent plant.

The work is admirably put together, and the translator deserves more credit than translators and editors often receive for the descriptions he has written so well. The publishers also are to be congratulated on the appearance of the English edition of the work.

SCHERER'S HISTORY OF GERMAN LITERATURE.*

IT is a grave question whether any man of letters, whatever his qualifications, can adapt a history of the literature of his native countrymen to the requirements both of his countrymen and of foreigners. Such a feat is hardly consistent with the nationality of sentiment essential in an historian writing for his own people. It is easier to conceive an Englishman possessed of the requisite knowledge of German literature than a German, unless after long residence among us, sufficiently in contact with English feeling. Very much more than mere information is needed for the production of a really classical work upon the literature of one country entirely acceptable to the inhabitants of another. The writer must be a man of two worlds, and equally versed in two literatures. Professor Scherer's history of German literature, now before us in Mrs. Conybeare's excellent translation, although in our opinion too defective in some departments of the subject to take a permanent place, is manifestly well adapted to the wants of average German readers. It could only have met the demands of Englishmen by a prevalent Anglicism of illustration which would have spoiled it for its proper public. A competent English writer, for example, would have illustrated the German Romantic school by its analogies to pre-Raphaelitism on one side and Tractarianism on the other. By contrasting Hölderlin's ideal Hellenism with the genuine Hellenism of Keats, and comparing his character and destiny with Collins, he would, for the English reader, have transformed a dim outline into a vivid painting. Professor Scherer, writing for Germans, has, of course, attempted nothing of the kind. So far, therefore, as this country is concerned, we can only regard his book as a useful resource pending the advent of some Ticknor of Teutonic literature, no impossible or even improbable phenomenon. It does not follow that the work of a Ticknor will be intrinsically more valuable. It will want much of the thoroughness and profundity, much of the philological erudition, of Scherer's solid labours. But these defects will be more than compensated by the foreign writer's ability to place himself at the point of view of universal culture. Writing for a German public, Professor Scherer does not consider, is not bound to consider, what the public of another nation will say to his method of treatment. When, however, he seeks naturalization in a foreign land, the question becomes vital, and we cannot doubt that his new judges will tax him with having told them far more than they cared to know respecting ancient German literature. The standard of German and foreign readers must necessarily differ. Germans are interested in their old authors historically, as transmitters of literary traditions and indirect moulders of the present age; foreigners only æsthetically, as respects the actual beauty or desert of their writings. From the former point of view their importance is considerable; from the latter it is but slender. Many men of genius wrote books in Germany between the decay of the Minnesingers and the advent of Klopstock; but, however freely they might resort to the pen, they were rather men of deeds than men of words. Luther and Tauler are not properly men of letters; Leibnitz and Ulric von Hutten write in Latin; Hans Sachs, though interesting, is obsolete; the seventeenth century is corrupted by pedantry and bombast. The purely literary value of the whole period for the rest of the world is inconsiderable, and the only way of justifying from any but a strictly national point of view Professor Scherer's apportionment of one-half of his work to the ages preceding Klopstock would have been to have greatly expanded the ordinary definition of a literary history. On this principle Luther and Kant would have required as ample treatment as Schiller and Goethe. By rigid condensation and compression throughout the first volume Mrs. Conybeare would have both spared herself labour and improved her book.

A more serious defect of Professor Scherer's History, as it appears to us, could not have been amended by so simple a process. Great powers of composition and criticism would be needed to bring up the portions of his work treating of the minor authors to the level of his chapters on Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. His literary taste does not seem to be very catholic, and he apparently has no eyes for whatever cannot thrust itself up to a certain standard. The effect is to leave the student most in the dark

* *A History of German Literature*. By W. Scherer. Translated from the Third German edition by Mrs. F. C. Conybeare. Edited by F. Max Müller. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

precisely where the need of light is greatest. It is difficult to add much to what has already been said about Goethe and Schiller; but there is abundant room both for positive information and discriminating criticism on Tieck and Rückert and Platen. It may be, though we question it, that if the literary distinction acquired by all Germans between Klopstock's birth and Goethe's death could be brought into a heap and divided, according to the method of Jonathan Wild, two-fifths of it would be equitably awarded to Goethe and Schiller; but to allot the space of a moderate octavo volume in the same proportion ensures that the treatment of all save this lucky pair shall be meagre and unsatisfactory. The work, it is true, is accompanied by an admirable bibliographical index, giving the clue to an immense mass of illustrative literature. But, in the majority of instances, the reader has received no inducement to follow it up. Well for him if he knows his Carlyle, else he will hardly be tempted to inquire after "Heinrich von Ofterdingen" by the mere information that in it "Novalis returned to the middle ages and chose a legendary poet as his hero." Of "Undine," so completely naturalized in England, Professor Scherer has nothing more favourable to say than that "the conception of the water-spirits is very prettily carried out." "Sintram" and "The Magic Ring," the delight of thousands of English readers, are not even named; any more than the clear-cut masterpieces of Wilhelm Hauff, and the gorgeous if formless splendours of Leopold Schefer's Oriental imagination. Tieck's "Fair Eckbert," one of the most thrilling tales of the supernatural ever written, is to Professor Scherer merely "a legend of horrors," and the criticism of his later novels is carping and ungenial. It will be conjectured that imagination is not our critic's forte, a deficiency the more to be regretted as, in the best ages of German literature, his weakest point was his countrymen's strongest. By virtually ignoring the Romantic school he excludes, not the absolute best in his country's literature, but the most individual and characteristic. The works of the great German masters are often but faintly tinged with local colouring. They belong less to any particular country than to universal humanity. *Iphigenia*, *Tasso*, *The Maid of Orleans*, Lessing's plays, might have been written anywhere where the ideal of culture and human dignity was high and where the Greeks and Shakspeare were known and honoured; but the productions of the Romantic school are as characteristically Teutonic as the First Part of *Faust*, which is, in fact, the leader of the band. Another writer, treated at much greater length than any member of the Romantic school, has fared even worse. No one could learn from Professor Scherer that Heine is one of the representative figures not merely of German, but of modern literature. The criticism is correct for the little distance it goes, but it no more adequately appraises Heine than Pope would be adequately appraised as a successor of Dryden who improved upon his model. Mr. Arnold's estimate of Heine, now twenty years old, is half a century in advance of Professor Scherer, who writes like a contemporary reviewer of the *Buch der Lieder*. The limitation of his view may perhaps in some degree be explained by his unfortunate idea of terminating his work with the death of Goethe, which found many authors in the zenith of their literary activity. Heine is perhaps the most flagrant instance; his life-work is fairly bisected; the Loreley head and bust remaining, while the scaly extremities are flung to oblivion. A far better dividing line would have been the Revolution of 1848, which actually does mark an era; poetry extinct, illusion dispelled, philosophy bankrupt, the ideal represented here and there by some belated Stifter or Epigonian Heyse; positive science and philology flourishing more than ever, but the realms of the imagination smitten with a barrenness which has endured until now. A revival may probably be looked for when the generation of the last decade, growing up under the inspiring influence of national pride and triumph, enters upon the field of letters.

It seems to us then, on the whole, that Mrs. Conybeare might probably, with the assistance of her accomplished editor, have produced a History more serviceable for English purposes than the one she has taken such pains to translate. Not Scherer's History was needed, but one based on Scherer. The admirable chapters on Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing should have been preserved intact, the first half of the work subjected to robust compression, the notices of the Romanticists and other modern writers expanded or rather rewritten; the whole brought down to a later date. As it stands, the book is too comprehensive for a manual and too uneven in execution for a complete History. It has, however, decided merits; the best parts are very good; the learning of the archaic portion will be valuable to a select class of readers; the whole will be frequently consulted, if not extensively read. It would have been well to have given warning of the occasional condensation of the original text, and a few mistakes and inelegances might be pointed out, but on the whole the translation is masterly.

MR. MARTIN TUPPER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

ENVIALE indeed must be the mood of mind of a man of seventy-six who can sit down and record the principal events and performances of a long and happy life in a spirit of such kindly self-compacency as inspires Mr. Tupper's pages. There is no touch of bitter regret for wasted opportunities, no wall over

"longing passions unfulfilled," no doubt of secured and deserved fame. "Vixi, Vivo, Vivam" is the proud motto on the title-page. To this brave hero of his own story *failure* is as incomprehensible a word as *fear* was to young Nelson.

Mr. Tupper was born, as he himself says, with a silver spoon in his mouth. "Leaving his spiritual biography to the Recording Angel," he tells us of the happy surroundings of his childhood's home, and how George III. laid his hand upon his curly locks and blessed him. "How far," he remarks, with a coy show of scepticism, in recording this act of Royal kindness, "the mysterious efficacy of the Monarch's touch affected my after career believers in the Divine right and spiritual powers of a king may speculate on as they please." The poet's gentle anger has been excited by persons who deny to him the possession of a musical ear; and he tells us that in his youth he was a very fair performer on the double flageolet. He speaks with evidently sincere respect and deep affection of his parents, but he does not seem to think that the doctrine of the heredity of genius would satisfactorily account for his own great gift of song. His mother, like the famous Lady O'Looney, painted in water-colours; but she seems to have had no more decided literary taste than her husband, who was much respected in his profession of an apothecary, and to whom, we are told by his son, a baronetcy had twice been offered. Through the elder Mr. Tupper's friendship with men of rank and science, Mr. Martin Tupper was early elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. There was only one black ball in the ballot-box, which Lord Melbourne confessed that he had thrown in by mistake, "a curious instance," the autobiography says, "of the carelessness habitual to the good-natured Premier." In the full tide of the popularity of *Proverbial Philosophy* its author paid his first visit to America. That book was received, both in this country and in the United States, with an amazing enthusiasm. Certain critics were recalcitrant. A few Daniels refused to bow down to the brazen image set up by the Nebuchadnezzar of public opinion. Mr. Alaric Watts wrote in his paper that "the readers of my verses were idiots, and stigmatized their author as a Bell-man." Mr. Hepworth Dixon expressed similar sentiments in a journal the name of which Mr. Tupper forgets. He tells us, however, that the abuse of Mr. Dixon was so lucrative to him in its results that "I entreated him at Moxon's one day to do it again." It is only occasionally that the autobiographer is moved to bitter or angry words. He is too thoroughly acquainted with the motives of hostile critics to waste many words upon them. He knows that it is only because "they are unfriendly to Christian influences" that they pretend to be blind to the beauties of his writings; and he does not care to say more about "such dyspeptic scribes" than they can read for themselves "in my proverbial essay, 'Zoilism.'" As for the ribald writers who have sacrilegiously parodied *Proverbial Philosophy*, he dismisses them with the apposite remark that Church liturgies and Holy Writ have also been travestied by buffoons. A writer can afford to despise ridicule of a book which he tells us brought him an income of from 500*l.* to 800*l.* a year, and gave him and his publisher, Mr. Hatchard, 10,000*l.* to divide between them. In America a million and a half copies of the famous work were sold by the time when Mr. Tupper arrived there. "I never guessed," he writes, "how crowded up by popularities a poor author may be till I had crossed the Atlantic and reaped the kindness of Greater Britain." The good-natured and clever coxcomb, Mr. N. P. Willis, received him with open arms, and blew the trumpet of his fame far and wide. He affected to be thunderstruck at seeing the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* in the flesh. He had thought the work a "survival of the Shakspearian era," and when the friends part for a time he asks the English poet how he "feels his way through the wilderness of his laurels." Mlle. Jenny Lind sends for him to be introduced to her, and tells him what a great comfort his writings have been to her, whereupon he remarks, with kindly patronage, "It is much to do poor Jenny (*sic*) good, who does good to so many others." His autographs in America sold wildly. He liked to be asked for his handwriting, but he gently grumbles at having had to pay the postage on the albums sent to him to write in. "I dare say," he adds, "that our popular Laureate has had similar experiences." Even in England Americans followed him up for specimens of his penmanship; and at Stratford-on-Avon, standing before the bust of Shakspeare, a citizen of the United States offered him ten dollars for a scrap of his handwriting. Locks of his hair—at any rate across the Atlantic—were in still greater request. "In Philadelphia," he writes, "a 'cute negro barber had persuaded me to have my hair cut, to which suggestion, as it was hissing hot weather, I agreed. He had a neat little shop, close to a jeweller's. Next morning I passed that shop, and noticed my name placarded there, surrounded by gold locketts; for that cunning nigger and his gilded friend were making a rich harvest of my shaved curls." *Proverbial Philosophy* was at one time, among a certain class of persons, the almost regulation wedding present, and its author waggishly nicknames himself "a sort of spiritual Cupid." He had other claims, he tells us, to this title. "Frequently at my readings and elsewhere, ladies, hitherto unknown to me, have claimed me as their unseen friend, and some have feelingly acknowledged that my 'Love' and 'Marriage' (both written in my teens) were the turning points of their lives and causes of their happiness. These lines will meet the eyes of some who will acknowledge their truth, and possibly if they like it, may write and tell me so; some of my warmest friendships have originated in grateful letters of a similar character." This volume is largely made up of testimonies

* *My Life as an Author.* By Martin Farquhar Tupper, D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Sampson Low & Co.

to Mr. Tupper's genius from all sorts and conditions of men; and of copious extracts from his poems, most of which he calls "famous," although some of them (shame on publishers generally!) are out of print. Songs and ballads were telegraphed by him from America. Their author calls them "electric poems." He had previously prepared the way for his popularity in America by sending over the water several flattering, not to say fulsome, ballads in adulation of the great Republic. The kindly old chronicler of his own doings chuckles with great glee over this master-stroke of business. "Before I paid my visits over there, the land was salted with ore and the water enriched with ground bait." Canadians were almost as appreciative as citizens of the United States. At Kingston a young couple asked him to marry them. In vain he protested that he was not a clergyman. "Please marry us," they pleaded with pathetic and flattering persistency, "for we like your books." Sheerly out of love of his writings, a New York millionaire offered to maintain Mr. Tupper at his own expense. Our author discovered that the arms of the Union were taken from the Washington shield, and he recorded this fact (?) in a poetical play called *Raleigh*. One of the personages of the drama declares in a fine burst of lofty poetry:—

I'll tell you, friends,
I've searched it out and known it for myself,
When late in England there, at Herald's College,
And found the Washingtons of Wessington,
In County Durham and of Sulgrave Manor,
County Northampton, bore upon their shield
Three stars atop two stripes, across the field,
Gules—that is red—on white, and for the crest
An eagle's head upspringing to the light,
 &c., &c., &c.

His agent, however, stoutly objected to his proposal to read this play at Philadelphia:—"No, Sir, our people are tired of George Washington; he's quite played out; give us anything else of yours you like." "Mr. Tuffley of Chelsea and Northampton" has acted, however, on Mr. Tupper's hints "in popularizing the Washington coat-of-arms with a view to ornamental jewellery for our Transatlantic cousins." An American gentleman named Orton bound together in one gorgeous volume the proverbial philosophy of Solomon, Martin Tupper, and Shakespeare. The three authors may be known apart by the different colours of the ink in which they are printed. The autobiographer occasionally takes a breathing spell, in telling us what other people think of him, to tell us what he thinks of himself and of other people. Mr. Gladstone, whom he beat in a contest for a theological prize essay at Oxford, he considers a man of great powers, "not that I have always agreed in my friend's politics." And he reminds us that the anagram of "The Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, M.P." is "I am the Whig M.P. who'll be traitor to England's rule," and that by transposing the letters in "William Ewart Gladstone" we get "Erin, we will go mad at last." He greatly admires "Ouida" and her *Moths*, and thinks very highly of Mr. Charles Marvin. He evidently sees nothing to smile at when he compares himself to Canning, Byron, Washington Irving, and Isaac Newton, or when he is speaking of Mr. Thackeray or Lord Tennyson he affects to treat them *de puissance à puissance*. Mr. Tupper assures us that certain newspapers were altogether mistaken in supposing that he had any wish for a baron's coronet when the author of *In Memoriam* was raised to the peerage. If there are two things the author of this book dislikes more than ostentation of any kind they are notoriety and flattery. On November 2, 1873, he wrote in his diary at Arbroath:—"What a comfort it is for one to feel utterly unknown; for even my luggage has only a monogram. . . . Really it is quite a relief to be some one else than Martin Tupper." Mr. Carlyle pleased our author by assuring him that he was "cordially glad to see him." Mr. Alexander Smith was less pleasing than his rugged countryman, for on Mr. Tupper "warmly praising sundry *morceaux* of his which I had marked in my copy," the young Scotchman's brusque reply was "Oh, you like those, do you. I shall alter them in my next edition." And he did. We do not think that the author shows his usual generosity in insinuating that his guest's outspoken dislike of coarse flattery was affected, and that when he refused to be smoothed down by "a ramble in the woods and a drive in the waggonette" he was actuated by sordid motives. The father of Mr. Thomas Hughes gave Mr. Tupper honest pleasure by quoting to him on the outside of a stage coach, without the least notion that he was speaking to the author, a stanza from one of the Bard of Albury's own poems. Mr. Hawthorne, "who has shown manifestly a flash of genius in *The Scarlet Letter*," went to Albury, and was "superlatively envious of our old house for having more than seven gables, and of its owner for a seemingly affluent independence as well as authorial fame." When Mr. Tupper quaintly adds, "It is no wonder that we did not take to each other," we cordially agree with him. The autobiographer has as boundless an admiration of his own prose as of his own poetry, and, with a fatuity inconceivable in any one else, attributes to the popularity of a novel he once wrote, called *Stephan Langton*, the flux of visitors to one of the loveliest spots in Surrey, the "Silent Pool," of which he evidently considers himself the discoverer, if not the creator.

Among the more recent poems quoted by their author are some very characteristic memorial verses on Lord Shaftesbury and John Brown; and an anticipatory ode on what he calls "Victoria's Jubilee." He has vainly asked his friend Mr. Manns to set this ode to music. That gentleman modestly declines, and "he recommends

me to apply to some more famous musician, as perhaps Sullivan or Macfarren or haply Count Gleichen. All I can say is that nothing would be more gratifying to my muse than for either of those great names to adapt my poetry to his melody." He nevertheless thinks that his friend Mr. Manns ought to be made a knight. The reader will find in this volume a commentary on a dark passage in the Book of Job, a dissertation on the striking resemblance between the poems of Horace and the Holy Scriptures, and an account of the late Mr. Home, the Spiritualist, whom the author commends for always opening his *séances* with prayer, and who placed a handful of hot coals on Mr. Tupper's head without hurting him or leaving any mark of burning. The description of the doings of Mr. Home and the child-like faith in him of Mr. S. C. Hall is neither more nor less foolish than a score of other such descriptions written by folks who, as Emerson says, "prefer snores and gastric noises to the voice of any Muse."

We have seen that Mr. Tupper declined to perform the marriage ceremony over a young couple on the ground that he was not an ordained clergyman. In his earlier days, however, he was very nearly becoming one. On one occasion he went to stay with a friendly vicar to read the Lessons for him as a sort of preliminary to entering Holy Orders; but he found a slight impediment in his speech an almost insuperable obstacle, "though," he adds, "the vicar's fair daughter amiably welcomed the not ungainly young Cœlebs." Mr. Tupper professes a broad and comprehensive Christianity, and thinks with Burns that even Satan stands a chance of salvation. He "does not despise Buddhism, and he reveres Swedenborgianism"; but he hates priestcraft, and has a horror of Popery, though Jesuits, he assures us, as well as Freemasons and Swedenborgians, have claimed him as belonging to themselves. Ritualism he cannot away with, as witnesses a stirring poem in which occur these noble lines:—

Mixed chalice? Oh, no! Mixed chalice? Oh, yes!
If done in the vestry (where lay folks confess!)

And what reader of this journal does not remember the fiery protest against Rome which he made, and which we noticed eighteen years ago? One sweet stanza still haunts our brain and memory. "Shall Popery," asks the poet—

Shall Popery and its vermin,
(As bad old times have seen)
Again infest the ermine
Of England and her Queen?

The author of this highly entertaining volume is an archæologist as well as a poet, a mechanist as well as a philosopher, an angler as well as a theologian. He has settled the philology of the names "Punch" and "Humpty Dumpty"; he has invented glass screw-tops to bottles, a safety horseshoe, and an improved kind of steam vessel; he has introduced "the coccol leaf to allay hunger, and to be as useful here as in Chili"; and he caught a fish at Tillingbourne with its own eye.

Though he admits that Mr. Holloway has erected a palatial institute out of ointment, and though "he knows a splendid church at Eastbourne built wholly of pills," and though he affirms that it was only by incessant trumpeting of their virtues that those pills and that ointment acquired their world-wide fame, Mr. Tupper professes to despise the modern craze for advertising, and wonders how folks can be weak enough to be led into buying goods of any kind "merely by dint of reiteration." O Mr. Tupper, Mr. Tupper, O! What is this pleasant book you have given us but one long delightful advertisement of wares of which you eloquently vouch the super-excellence? We will not censure the inconsistency of your professions with your practice. Contrariwise, we heartily thank you for it. If your actions had been squared to your theories, we should have missed the enjoyment of a book which for simple-minded self-complacency, kindly optimism, and unconscious humour will be, to quote the title of a recent novel, "hard to beat." Our notice of *My Life as an Author* would be incomplete if we did not quote a few lines from the translation of some verses of Ovid with which Mr. Tupper concludes his autobiography:—

Now have I done my work, which not Jove's ire
Can make undone, nor sword, nor time, nor fire.

My name shall never die; but through all time,
Whenever Rome shall reach a conquer'd clime,
There in that people's tongue shall this my page
Be read and glorified from age to age;
Yea, if the bodings of my spirit give
True note of inspiration, I shall live.

Surely what Rosalind calls "Cæsar's thrasonical brag" was "mincing maiden modesty" compared to Mr. Tupper's application of these lines to himself.

LES LETTRES ET LES ARTS.*

THE June number of *Les Lettres et les Arts* stimulates our hopes with names of such power of enticement as those of MM. Paul Bourget, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Sully-Prudhomme, while the well-known dramatic critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Louis Ganderax, appears in an unfamiliar character, that of the art-critic masquerading in the skin of the *farceur*. Though it cannot in truth be maintained that any of these Parisian celebrities have here given us of their very best, they furnish in

* *Les Lettres et les Arts*. Paris: Boussod, Valadon, et Cie.

each case enough that is distinctive of their peculiar talent to make the perusal of the magazine a sufficiently agreeable, if not exactly a very profitable, task. The most important article of the series, though rather in respect of its contents than of its literary merits, is one devoted by M. A. Chabouillet to the elucidation of a chapter in the art history of the eighteenth century. It is entitled "Louis XV et Madame de Pompadour," and deals chiefly with certain statues by the famous sculptor Pigalle, in which the Marquise is represented under the guise of "Amitié." The most remarkable of these, a full-length, lightly-draped figure, now owned by Sir Richard Wallace, was ordered by Mme. d'Etiolles for the decoration of her park at Bellevue, at that critical moment in her relations with the "Well-Beloved" when she, with extraordinary tact, voluntarily abdicated her position of royal Aspasia, only to consolidate her influence and render herself, by her unflinching charm, and still more by her too cynical complaisance, as indispensable as ever to the monarch. M. Chabouillet brings the Pompadour before us in her rôle—the one she loved best—of art patron, and even of practising artist; for, between the acts of her triumphs as actress, singer, and stage-dancer, she found time to attain a certain proficiency as an encausticist, and even to distinguish herself in the practice of the glyptic art, of which she was passionately fond. The article is admirably illustrated with reproductions of Pigalle's "L'Amitié," already referred to, of his "L'Amour et l'Amitié" in the Louvre, and, above all, of Boucher's famous portrait of the royal favourite in the same collection—the one in which she appears seated in a park of beeches, wearing a morning negligé of supreme simplicity and elegance. Some engravings of carved gems, bearing portraits of Louis and the Pompadour, and of seals, showing delicately ingenious conceits having reference to the peculiar platonic phase of the relations between the royal lovers, complete a singularly interesting ensemble.

M. Paul Bourget in his short sketch, "Ruse de Guerre," a page out of the diary of a well-bred, absolutely egotistic viveur of modern Paris, cannot exactly be said to have reached his usual level, for he has not succeeded in condensing into the small space allotted to him a sufficiency of interest and reality to render his usual theme, the sphinx-like inscrutability of "la femme," attractive. The reticence and relative simplicity which, rather than brilliancy or extreme finish, the young author successfully cultivates in prose, lend a certain distinctiveness to the little study, while the vein of refined, passionless cynicism which runs through it excites a certain repellent influence. Though above the level of the commonplace, it is a poor successor, indeed, to such sketches of hardly larger dimensions as Prosper Mérimée's cynical but human "Double Mépris," or Musset's delicate piece of sarcasm, the proverb "Une Nuit Vénitienne." One of the two illustrations, which are supplied by the distinguished flower-painter Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, is, we regret to say, in deplorable taste, and the other, a large group of figures, is absolutely wanting in animation and character. The gifted artist, apparently, and very naturally, out of sympathy with her unpalatable subject, has fallen quite below her usual level.

It is always agreeable to meet with M. Barbey d'Aurevilly, who contributes to the Review some skilfully turned verses, "La Haine du Soleil," marked by the vigorous, if somewhat conventional, pessimism of the school of 1830, and consequently in amusing contrast with the languidly negative character of the despair which marks the style of his young confrère, M. Bourget. The poem is headed with a somewhat terrific portrait of the veteran author, which is strangely enough inserted in a frame of the most authentic *rococo* design. As well might we expect to see Béranger overshadowed by Byzantine arches; to be shown Crébillon fils or Parry peeping from under a Gothic canopy!

Another of the series of flagrant instances of bad taste which so strangely disfigure this superb publication is the sketch devoted to a far too frank indication of the career, both theatrical and social, of Mlle. Jeanne Granier, a diva of the *opéra-bouffe* stage. The tone of the whole is rather that which we should look for in those yellow-covered, peculiarly Parisian biographies which are devoted to the glorification of the shooting-stars of the half-world, than such as befits the most costly and ambitious serial of modern France.

M. Louis Ganderax, dropping for the nonce the *ex cathedra* tone which of necessity belongs to the contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, assumes the disguise of a citizen of unimpeachable republicanism, delegated by his native town, of Noyon to proceed to Paris, in order there to spend in purchases at the Salon an important sum left to the former city by a benefactor of equally unimpeachable principles. Assuming thus the license and privileges rather of the *jooriste* than the jester, M. Ganderax distributes with tolerable impartiality some few shrewd thrusts, together with a good deal of the conventional admiration which the tone of the review necessitates. The judgment shown is often acute, but the pleasantries, the political and social allusions, are somewhat out of place, and appear rather to be artificially incrustated in the unsuitable foundation of the art-criticisms than to grow spontaneously from the subject-matter. The transparent mask of the naïf provincial citizen is too often dropped, showing behind it the practised critic of the usual Parisian type. Among the very numerous and complete illustrations to this, the longest article in the volume, are the following:—M. Israël's "Quand on devient vieux," which gains a vigour of chiaroscuro not possessed by the original; Mr. C. Sprague-Pearce's large landscape, "Une Bergère"; the "Justinien" of

M. Benjamin Constant; the very graceful decoration, "Les Hiérodules," by M. Rosset-Grainger; and M. Elie-Delaunay's singularly characteristic portrait of M. Meilbac, to which, however, we should have preferred his masterpiece, the grave and lifelike portrait of an anonymous lady, in the same exhibition. M. Heilbuth's "Un Samedi: bords de la Seine" loses much of its subtlety and of its exquisitely harmonious general tone; while M. Bernier's "Le Vallon," in the reproduction of which the etching-needle has evidently played an important part, is very remarkable for the success with which light, atmosphere, and gradations of tone and colour are rendered.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT THE THEATRE.*

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER is one of the best-equipped of English critics of the acted drama; he is learned in the history of the stage; he is well read in the dramatic literature of our language and of other languages; he has more than a fair share of common sense; he is fond of the theatre, but he looks at it through his own eyes, and he records frankly what he has seen, and reports clearly the impression it made on him. He writes vigorously and with point, and his style has a colour of its own. That in the acted drama it is the drama rather than the acting, the play rather than the player, which interests him, and about which he has precise opinions which he is prepared to maintain against all comers, we should have discovered, even if he had not confessed it in one of the essays in the book before us. Of these essays there are ten, and only one of them is concerned with the art of acting; this is a paper called "A Storm in Stageland," which is at once a summing up and a carrying further of the discussion of histrionic manners and morals begun by Mrs. Kendal in her Social Science paper, and soon taken up by Mr. Burnand, Mr. Hamilton Aidé, and others. We say that this discussion is carried further by Mr. Archer than by his predecessors in the dispute, because he has used their work as material on which to found an acute and subtle study of the psychologic effects of the actor's calling on the actor himself. While we cannot declare that we accept all the conclusions of this new *physiologie du comédien*, we feel sure that, in the main, Mr. Archer is in the right; we can even supply him with a new illustration of his assertion that on the stage "the success of one man stops the way for others, temporarily, if not absolutely." It will be found in the record of Macready's feelings when first he foresaw a rival in Phelps. The nine other of Mr. Archer's essays in theatrical criticism have to do, not with acting, but with writing either for the stage or about the stage. In "Are we advancing?" he sets forth the steadily increasing popular interest in the drama, evident to all of us and beyond all peradventure; and he shows that the contemporary dramatic literature of England is not the contemptible thing which the unthinking sometimes declare it to be still, and that its condition is hopeful now, more hopeful than it was five years ago. Twenty years ago the divorce between literature and the theatre was absolute; no man would dare to declare this to be the case to-day, when Mr. Merivale and Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Pinero and Mr. Grundy, Mr. Bronson Howard and Mr. H. A. Jones, are writing plays in which, whether they succeed or fail, whether they are good or bad, the literary intent is indisputable and the literary quality obvious. Among the remaining chapters of *About the Theatre* are a plea for the abolition of the "Censorship of the Stage" and a consideration of the "Ethics of Criticism," in both of which Mr. Archer skilfully uses the historical method to explain and to enforce his views. An analysis of the "Plays of Victor Hugo" and a consideration of the relations of "Hugo and Wagner" we like less than any other essays in the book, because they are less original than the others, more hackneyed and perfunctory. In all the other papers, especially in two we have not yet mentioned, "Shakspere and the Public" and "The Realist's Dilemma," Mr. Archer is expressing himself, which, after all, is perhaps the chief end of criticism; at least he is expressing his own opinions, the opinions which he has formed for himself after study and thought.

Perhaps the most original and the most suggestive chapter in Mr. Archer's book is that on "The Stage of Greater Britain," reprinted from the *National Review*, and to be recommended to all who are interested in Imperial Federation and in the expansion of England. He shows us that, despite the high wall of a tariff and the wide ditch of no-copyright, there is now a complete reciprocity of theatrical products between Great Britain and the United States. There is now scarcely any English actor of note who has not played in America, as there is now scarcely any American actor of note who has not played in England. The great comedian or tragedian of the English-speaking stage in this last quarter of the nineteenth century commands not London merely, or a narrow circuit in England, but all the United Kingdom and all the United States and all the colonies of England throughout the globe. He may be American by birth and training, or he may be English; the difference of nationality is now no difference at all. That America gives us as good as she gets, no one may deny who has felt the power of Mr. Booth or the pathos of Mr. Jefferson, who recalls the daring and fiendish glee of the last

* *About the Theatre: Essays and Studies.* By William Archer, Author of "English Dramatists of To-Day" &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The Stage Life of Mary Anderson. By William Winter. New York: George J. Coombes.

act of the *Foot's Revenge* or the fine simplicity of Rip Van Winkle's conversation with the silent companions of Hendrik Hudson. In neither quality nor quantity is there any great disparity between the American actors in England and the English actors in America. When we turn from players to plays this equality disappears; although American plays are reproduced in England with increasing frequency, they number barely a tithe of the English plays which are reproduced in America. Although the theatre in New York which was devoted wholly to the performance of English dramas, Wallack's, has now fallen into decay, English dramas are to be found in almost every theatre in the United States; and the royalties of a successful English play in the United States are often greater than those collected in Great Britain. The American manager, like the London manager, likes to buy a success ready-made; the London manager thinks he does this when he pays a big price for the latest play of a popular French playwright; the American manager, in addition to the market of Paris, from which he may pick free from all fear of the censor, can choose also from the market of London. So it comes about that the hall-mark of a London success is accepted by the American manager as a warranty; the American public sometimes declares the imported play to be base metal and refuses it, but more often than not it passes current. Mr. Archer, having examined these facts, has sought to discover their bearings; and, with keen insight and a knowledge of the conditions of the theatre, he considers the probable effect in the immediate future on the dramatic literature of the English language of this enormous widening of the boundaries of the English theatre. We have not space now to follow him in the logical deductions he draws from the facts he has collected, nor into the speculations as to the future effects of the international amalgamation now in progress so far at least as the theatres of Great Britain and the United States are concerned. We cannot do more than recommend cordially a careful reading of Mr. Archer's thoughtful essay to all who are interested in the future of the English drama, and who wish to see a loosening of the bands of insularity, not to say parochialism, in which it is bound. We may, indeed, recommend the whole book to all students of the stage, who will find their account in its perusal; they will see that it is a bundle of essays, most of which are well thought out as to their substance, and well written as to their style.

As Mr. William Archer is obviously more interested in the play than in the player, so Mr. William Winter is plainly more interested in acting than in the acted drama. He has written a delightful memorial of that family of fine comedians, the Jeffersons; he has more recently published a chronicle of Mr. Henry Irving's American tours; nearly twenty years ago he provided the text of a sumptuous folio on the *Dramatic Characters of Edwin Booth*, for which Mr. W. J. Hennessy prepared an admirable series of drawings on wood; he has now written the record of the *Stage Life of Mary Anderson*; and on the fly-leaf we see announcement of future books about the late Adelaide Neilson and John McCullough, about Mr. Lawrence Barrett and Miss Ellen Terry, and about the *Wallack Family of Actors*. Mr. Winter is a critic of acting whom it is always a pleasure to read, however much we may chance to disagree with his opinion of the actor or the actress whom he is praising. It is easy to see that he has studied acting as an art and has laid hold of its principles. He is acquainted with the most minute details of histrionic biography, and the great actors of the past are to him living figures. He writes poetically, with a style at once firm and rich, and it is only on rare occasions that it overblossoms into mere flowers of rhetoric. That we do not altogether agree with Mr. Winter in the very high opinion he expresses of Miss Anderson's ability as an actress it is needless to say, and it is needless also for us to file our objections at every point. There is no art about which good judges so disagree as the art of acting, and a due recollection of this fact bids us all hold our opinions humbly, and refrain from arrogantly rebuking those who may disagree with us. Miss Anderson is one of the prominent personalities of the present stage, and as such she deserves, indeed she demands, respectful consideration. There is already in existence a biography of her by a Mr. Farrar, whose competence for the task may be judged from the fact that he spelt the title of Dean Milman's play "Phasio." Mr. Winter's biography is, therefore, welcome and useful. He sketches simply and yet amply Miss Anderson's early career to the day, now nearly eleven years ago, when she made her first appearance on the stage. Two years later she acted for the first time in New York; and her endeavours and her achievements since this first appearance in New York are duly chronicled and criticized in Mr. Winter's pages. The English public, which has seen Miss Anderson in only a very few parts, will be surprised at the length of the list of the characters attempted by her during her travels through the United States; it will be especially surprised perhaps to know that one of these was Meg Merrilies, to the performance of which the great incentive was, perhaps, the memory of the mighty effect which Charlotte Cushman created as the old crone.

Mr. William Winter's biography is adorned by a portrait of Miss Anderson, taken in "character" at a dramatic moment; we should have preferred a picture more placid and less heroic, as giving a better idea both of the woman and of the actress. A word of praise is due to the mechanical production of both of these books about the theatre. Both are admirably printed, with well-chosen type and a well-proportioned page. Both are made

more useful and more easy of reference by an abundance of marginal notes. Mr. Archer's book has an index, which we regret to see that Mr. Winter's is without. It may be well to note two trifling misprints that they may be corrected in subsequent editions. Miss Anderson for awhile acted Berthe in a translation of the *Fille de Roland*, and careless proof-reading allows this name to appear as "Berthé" half a dozen times (pp. 50-51); and Mr. Archer's proof-reader makes him use the non-existent, non-French, and abominable "double-entendre" (pp. 132-133) presumably for *double-entente*.

FLORA MACDONALD.*

THE story of Flora Macdonald can never grow stale; nor, however it is told, can it altogether lose its charm. After a gushing description of how Professor Blackie once knelt, *more suo*, hatless, in the dirt (or did he spread his pocket-handkerchief to kneel on?), in the midst of a heavy shower, to kiss the doorstep of the cottage in which Flora was born, Mr. Jolly gives a short account of her early life, of the deed that has made her name famous, and of her later history. The daughter of a tacksman in Uist, she was taken up by the Lady Margaret Macdonald, daughter of the Earl of Eglinton and wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who sent her to a school in Edinburgh, and received her as a guest in her husband's house in Skye, where she was, as Mr. Jolly expresses it, "a cherished member of their circle." Neither Flora nor her patroness, who helped her in her gallant enterprise, was a Jacobite; womanly pity alone prompted them to rescue the distressed Prince. Flora was anxious throughout to shield every one else from danger; no "self-absorbed glamour," whatever that kind of glamour may be, influenced her. The circumstances of the Prince's escape in the character of Betty Burke are well known. Nothing new is told about them here, and one or two particulars of some interest are left out, as, for example, Flora's decided refusal to allow him to carry arms, even under his trailing petticoats. If at least half the epithets were struck out of this little volume, it would lose a good deal in bulk and would gain in every other respect. There are two ways of telling such a story as this, and Mr. Jolly has not chosen the right one.

KAEGI'S RIG VEDA†

FROM the Far West we get a translation of Professor Kaegi's excellent little book on the sacred literature of the Far East. The version is not immaculate, the translation reads like a translation; but the manual is so valuable that we must thank Mr. Arrowsmith for his useful rendering. The *Rig Veda* remains "a book with seven seals." Sometimes one sympathizes with the Indian scholar Karitsa, who "insisted that the Hymns had no meaning at all." Langlois's version is practically useless; Ludwig's painstaking work is rather more obscure than the original Sanskrit; Mr. Max Müller's would be perfect, but it is not complete; and Grassmann's is—in verse. Meanwhile M. Bergaigne, though clear-sighted and original, is too subtle even for Indian subtlety; and the great length of his book on Vedic religion is discouraging to an honest general reader—for whom, indeed, it was not written. Muir's *Sanskrit Texts* remain unparalleled for common sense where common sense is so rare and for plain useful exposition. But Muir's volumes also are somewhat beyond the reach of an inquirer who has no thought of being an expert, and such a student has hitherto found in English nothing so suitable as Mr. Max Müller's various writings on the Veda. He will nowhere find anything so attractive and interesting; but in Mr. Arrowsmith's translation of Kaegi he will possess something handier, more concentrated, less popular in its appeal, perhaps better *documenté* (the notes and bibliographical references are copious), and, above all, free from singular and very disputable theories.

Kaegi's Introduction gives a succinct account of Brahmanic literature in general, of the various Vedas, Brahmanas, Sutras, and the rest of it, with a brief view of opinion as to their dates. We are glad to see that he recognizes in the magical Atharva Veda a book "which probably contained originally the poetry more properly belonging to the people . . . which only secondarily was admitted into the circle of the priests, and distributed among their productions." What is *popular* in the Atharva Veda, what belongs to the people, must necessarily be of extreme antiquity. These spells are what the people framed for themselves, untaught, and such matter must necessarily be more antique than the cultivated religious poetry of minstrels professionally divine. But we need not, with Kuhn, suppose that these spells are not only prior to the "Aryan separation," but that they were actually retained from the common Aryan period by the separatists who were the ancestors of the Teutonic race. Kuhn compares Indian and German magical formulae, and says that they correspond so remarkably, "not only in purpose and contents, but also partially in form, that we must fully recognize in them the remains of a kind of poetry which, even in the old Indo-Germanic period, had developed the contents of incantations

* *Flora Macdonald is Uist: a Study of the Heroine in her Native Surroundings*. By William Jolly, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Perth: Cowan & Co.

† *The Rig Veda*. By Adolf Kaegi, Professor in the University of Zurich. Authorized Translation, with additions to the Notes by R. Arrowsmith, Ph.D., Instructor in Sanskrit, Racine College, Wis. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1886.

designed for certain uses into a fixed form, preserved up to the latest times in all the formulas growing out of it." It may be so, but as the ideas of magic are everywhere identical, and as primitive verse-forms everywhere closely resemble each other in character, the common features of Indian and German spells need not be the result of inheritance. On these principles the Fijian riddles and Eskimo scraps of incantation might denote connexion of race between Greeks and Fijians. It is more certain that in the magic of the Atharva Veda we find something more primitive in character, and infinitely more widely diffused among men, than in the exaltations and moralities of the noblest hymns in the Rig Veda. The spells are what we discover everywhere—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. The fine metaphysics and the sublime moral ecstasies are the peculiar note of the Indian heroic age at its best.

Various guesses at the date of the composition of the Hymns have been made. Kaegi's guess is 2000-1500 B.C., Haug's conjecture is 2400-1400 B.C., Mr. Max Müller tends to regard 1500-1200 B.C. as the most probable period. Mr. Max Müller attributes cities to the Vedic Aryans. Kaegi says, "Of cities—i.e. of collections of adjoining houses surrounded by wall and moat—there is no mention." Mr. Max Müller's words (*Selected Essays*, i. 342) are "still more conclusive as to the early existence of cities, is the Sanskrit *puri*, town, preserved by the Greeks in their name for town, *πόλις*." We venture to regard this as an example of the perils which beset the revelation of history through philology. Granting that *puri* and *πόλις* are identical, nothing is proved about towns. In some far future age, the philologist may decide that there were many towns in Ettrick and Yarrow, because he finds "towns" constantly mentioned by the Ettrick Shepherd. But the local meaning of towns, in these pastoral vales, is merely farm-steadings. Probably enough the *puri* of the Vedic speech may have been no nearer a city than is an African *kraal*, with its hedge and huts. *Puri* must have meant something smaller and simpler before it meant town in our sense, or anything answering to the Greek *πόλις*. That the Vedic Aryans possessed cities, therefore, we cannot determine on the evidence of a word, and Kaegi thinks that to attribute towns to them is an "anachronism." He represents the Vedic people as not only large stock farmers, but strenuous agriculturists, possessing ploughs, harrows, mattocks, hoes, and acquainted (like the New Caledonians, on a far lower level of culture) with irrigation by artificial canals. Food was mostly farinaceous, meat little eaten except at feasts and family gatherings. As among the Zulus, we may say "mealies" were more common than beef. The drink was corn-brandy and soma, whatever soma may have been. Weaving, sewing, work in the metals, the craft of the potter, were all familiar, and a race which has these arts has long left savagery, and perhaps even the higher barbarism, behind it. The pretended "primitive" character of the Hymns composed in such an age is manifestly absurd. If the father was "lord of the house," the early stages of the family had also been left in the historic distance. We get a touch of Spartan polyandry where it is said that the Asvins—the Dioscuri of the Veda—had one bride between them. Nay, the Homeric custom of buying wives appears to have passed away, as "a rich inheritance helped many a girl to gain a husband." This implies a great advance on the social condition of Homeric Greece, in which a pretty girl was named Alpheisbea, the winner of oxen for her parents. Monogamy was the rule; superfluous babies were exposed, as in Australia; and superfluously old men (ah, happy golden age!) were knocked on the head by the gentle Vedic Aryan. "Sexagenarios de ponte olim deieciabant," says the Roman of his own people. There is an excellent bridge—Dean Bridge—handy in Midlothian; but times are altered in some respects. "Even at that time," says Kaegi very gravely, "woman was charged with fickleness, light-mindedness, and lack of judgment." Our Vedic friends, therefore, did not supply her with the franchise. The royal dignity was sometimes elective, sometimes hereditary; the king's chaplain assumed regal functions, hence the Brahmanic hierarchy. Law was in full-fledged existence, the oath and ordeals were customary. Gambling was the favourite amusement; the Vedic Aryan was a determined sportsman, and often bewails the folly of backing one's bad luck. "He remains indifferent, though his wife becomes the property of others," and many a lady changed lords because her husband did not lead trumps when he had five in hand or took a card when he had six. Perhaps this is too colloquial a statement, as dice were the implements of the Vedic gamester. War was Homeric; the bronze-mailed warrior fought from his chariot.

Turning to religion, Kaegi commits himself to the statement that the Rig Veda "presents to us the development of the religious conception from the very beginnings." Doubtless a good deal that is really old survives in certain parts of the Veda, but "the very beginnings" of religion are no more represented than the very beginnings of the arts or of human society. Kaegi quotes Geiger's remark that in the Hymns we have "the picture of an original, primitive life of man . . . springing forth new and young from the bosom of nature." This is the old, old fallacy. Man did not spring full armed and equipped, with pots and swords and chariots and armour "from the bosom of nature." The Vedic Aryans were infinitely in advance of the Zulus, and Iroquois, and Maoris, who, again, are at an incalculable distance in front of Australians and Digger Indians. Geiger calmly goes on to say that the Veda holds "the key to the whole contents of mind." The English reader of Kaegi must keep steadily in mind that all this is the vainest, most illogical, and most

misleading pretence. The Vedic Society is no more primitive—in some ways it is less primitive—than the Homeric Society, though certain traces of ideas and beliefs really old exist even in the Veda.

In briefly stating the mythical characteristics of the Vedic Gods, Kaegi begins with Agni, passes to the Rbhus, then to Vāta (the wind) and the stormy Maruts, reaching the more conspicuous Indra late among the deities of air. On Indra a more complete and very interesting essay has lately been published in the *American Journal of Oriental Studies*. Kaegi offers the familiar legend and miracles of the soma-drinker, and, without clearing up the significance of his name, which is very obscure, passes to the Asvins, "divinities of the light heaven," as he thinks, though that point also is obscure. The miracles are mixed up with *märchen*, like the world-wide story of the youth betrayed and left in a well. Aditi is given as "eternity," a disputable interpretation. Varuna is taken to be "the Enveloper," and, in spite of a recent philological sneer at Mr. Clodd for expressing this opinion, in spite, too, of Ludwig's objections Kaegi thinks Varuna "etymologically identical with *Οὐρανός*." The rest of the mythology is illustrated by frequent quotation, from the Hymns, but the seamy side of Vedic myth is scarcely noticed at all. The Vedic hymnists purified the traditional legends, and the Hymns themselves have been filtered once more by Kaegi. The rest of the book is occupied with traces of actual history in the Rig, with humorous poems, gnomic poems, riddles, and the famous philosophic poetry, so admirable in itself, and so far from "primitive." The much more primitive element of ritual is comparatively neglected. In short, Kaegi's manual is somewhat belated, in as far as it wins little light from comparative anthropology. In all other respects it is admirable, and an English edition, though appealing to a limited circle of readers, would be of great value to that narrow audience.

LABBERTON'S HISTORICAL ATLAS.*

DR. LABBERTON (whose book, despite Messrs. Macmillan's London imprint, was evidently both written and printed in America) tells us that the historical sketch which accompanies his atlas was written at the urgent request of his publisher. We venture to think that the publisher—no doubt the American publisher—was not wise. Strictly speaking, an historical atlas is intended to be a companion to any history, and certainly to some, and thus the sketch is superfluous. But it has worse drawbacks than that. Nobody, not even an angel from Heaven who had gone to Purgatory and got Gibbon to lend him his pen, could write a sketch of universal history in sixty quarto pages which should be of any value as a collection of facts, and it is at this value that Dr. Labberton has aimed. The consequence is that, not to notice omissions, his statements are constantly of that misleading brevity which conveys to the un instructed mind the idea that some plausible hypothesis, or perhaps some very disputable opinion, is a certain fact. "It was in the struggle against Cerdic that the British King Arthur acquired his fame. At Camelot, in Somersetshire, he gathered round him the bravest of his followers, who were known as Knights of the Round Table," is a piece of dogmatism which very nearly takes away our breath. It is quite possible that "in the oldest times, before 1200 B.C., the mightiest sovereign in Greece had been the King of Mycenæ." But before laying it down as a positive fact for babes and sucklings we should like a little more evidence. And yet again, though some people, no doubt, including Professor Seeley, think that in the war ended at Utrecht "France sustained the most humiliating reverses, but the result was in her favour," there is quite enough to be said on the other side to make it undesirable to speak so positively. On the other hand, Dr. Labberton's chronological tables and his bibliographical conspectus of authorities on his different periods are really good.

In the same way, it is not at all difficult to find a good word for the maps themselves; yet they are not wholly satisfactory. They are numerous, large enough to be easily consulted, very fairly selected in subject. But they are executed roughly and with an occasional absence of circumspection in detail. Thus the track of the Ten Thousand is marked, but the learner is not told in which direction they followed it either in the text or by arrows in the map. Of course Dr. Labberton and we have both read that recondite author Xenophon, but at least some of his readers have not. Again, it is surely odd to colour Japan as a "Portuguese colony." The printing is too often careless, so that "Denais" stands for "Denain," "Ft. Mahon" for "P. Mahon." The system of omitting mountain ranges seems to us anything but a good one. Lastly, there are some oddities not of the strictly historical kind in the text. "Columbus," says Dr. Labberton, "sailed with three small vessels and the empty title of admiral." Why "empty," seeing that he had the vessels?

The book, therefore, requires not a little overhauling, for the faults we have found with it are the merest sample of the list we could draw up. Yet an atlas is of such vast value in the study of history that even a bad one is better than none. We have before now hinted doubts whether a really good ordinary atlas for the student to hunt out places and routes for himself is not of greater educational value than one adapted to his comprehension—and his laziness. But the latter has the way of this present world with it.

* *Historical Atlas*. By R. H. Labberton. London: Macmillan & Co.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DE COURCY, who is an old diplomatist, has written an account of the War of the Spanish Succession (1) which is very valuable in parts, though it has a certain defect of plan. Had the author confined himself to the diplomatic aspect of the matter, he would not only have been able to give a much better grouped and much more telling presentment, but he would have escaped the danger of making some positive errors, into which he has fallen in his military *résumés*. Thus the account of the battle of Blenheim is quite misleading, though not from Chauvinism. There never were anything like twenty thousand French shut up in Blenheim at any time of the day; and if there had been, the result would have been much more disgraceful to France than it actually was, inasmuch as twenty thousand men could have fought their way through a much greater force than at the end of the day the allies had to oppose them. Nor does M. de Courcy even mention the initial attack which Marlborough made on Blenheim itself, and which undoubtedly decided the battle by inducing Tallard to think the village the English general's chief object, and so to maintain its garrison at the preposterous strength of twelve (not twenty) thousand men. These military accounts, moreover, interrupt and confuse the course of the diplomatic narrative. This is, however, good in itself, and M. de Courcy must be particularly commended for his carrying out of the admirable plan (not uncommon in French books, but very rare in English) of giving in note or appendix succinct but sufficient biographies of all the important persons mentioned. Perhaps his local notes as to the position of each town, &c., are less valuable; for they do not supersede the map, and are much less intelligible than it.

Except Mr. Ralston there is probably no one in Western Europe so competent to write about Russian novels as M. Melchior de Vogüé (2), and the great interest which has recently been excited in Muscovite fiction should make his book very welcome. We are not sure that he was wise in deciding, as he tells us he did decide, to write a history of the Russian novel instead of a history of Russian literature. For the latter does not exist, and is much wanted, and the undertaking might have checked a certain tendency to digression which shows itself here, while M. de Vogüé has actually had to deal with other parts of the not very wide field which the whole subject would have presented. No doubt, however, the space which the smaller plan has given him for extracts, for long summaries of the plots of books, and even for decidedly discursive criticisms on Flaubert, George Eliot, and other persons not Russian at all, has been used in a way likely to prove more acceptable to running readers than the succinct and the severer style incumbent on the historian of a whole literature. The book is one to be recommended.

Count Boulay de la Meurthe's account (3) of the sad close of the life of the last scion of the House of Condé is well intentioned, but perhaps mistaken, the mistake arising from an injudicious desire to be not only amiable, but just, to everybody. The tragedy of the Duke's end and the villany of Napoleon's conduct must remain unaltered. But Enghien had undoubtedly no business at Ettenheim, unless his philanderings with Charlotte de Rohan can be called business; and he shared with too many other *émigrés* a complete willingness to accept English pensions and an almost equally complete unwillingness to do England any service in return. As for Napoleon, that chief of all hero-scoundrels really, according to M. Boulay de la Meurthe, thought Enghien "coupable." But as he, like his kind, always thought anybody "coupable" whom he disliked or who was in his way, we don't see that this makes things much better.

Pitt et Frédéric Guillaume Deux (4) is a creditable historical study, but on a point of no great general interest or importance by itself.

To come across a batch of poetry with M. Lemerre's imprint is like old times and refreshing (5, 6, 7, 8). Not unrefreshing, too, are the contents, which, like some other poems we recently noticed, are mostly free from the dull and dirty extravagances of the school that succeeded the *Parnasse*. Not much of the verse is very strong (M. Harel's being, for all its unpretentiousness, the strongest, as we should have expected), but it is natural, and sometimes sweet. *Un mystérieux amour* is preceded by a curious prose tale (quite "proper") of a French gentleman who tried polygamy, and then disappeared with Lord X's yacht—which must have been a bore for Lord X.

The last number of the *Petite Bibliothèque Charpentier* consists of chosen prose tales (9) by M. Catulle Mendès—a provoking writer, who for twenty years and more has always looked as if he were going to do something very good, and has never quite done it.

(1) *La coalition de 1701 contre la France*. Par le Marquis de Courcy. Deux tomes. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Le roman russe*. Par le Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüé. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Les dernières années du Duc d'Enghien*. Par le Comte Boulay de la Meurthe. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Pitt et Frédéric Guillaume II.* Par J. H. Creux. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Poésies*. Par Raphaël Georges Lévy. Paris: Lemerre.

(6) *Un mystérieux amour*. Par D. Lesueur. Paris: Lemerre.

(7) *Sônes et visions*. Par Sylvane. Paris: Lemerre.

(8) *Aux champs*. Par Paul Harel. Paris: Lemerre.

(9) *Contes choisis*. Par Catulle Mendès. Paris: Charpentier.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FEW of the numerous memoirs relating to the French Revolution better deserve translation than the *Memoirs of the Duchess de Tourzel* (Remington & Co.) Though historians differ considerably in estimating the value of this class of literature, there is no difficulty in accounting for the popularity of such works. The piquancy of the personal document captivates innumerable readers who are impatient of the more sober method of the professed historian. The present translation is well executed on the whole, though there are some careless misprints of proper names, and the absence of the portrait which appeared in the original renders the note (i. 7) somewhat futile. In works of this kind it is useless to expect a dry impartial record of political history. To Mme. de Tourzel the enemies of the Royal family were the enemies of France; Mirabeau and Danton, Girondist and Jacobin, Communist and Federalist, are all alike confounded in one sweeping condemnation. Her historical view is crude and incomplete in much that relates to the strife of the various factions in the Assembly. The interest of these volumes lies in the dramatic recital of the writer's personal experience. The annals of the Revolution contain few more thrilling incidents than the escape of Mme. de Tourzel and her daughter, the Comtesse de Béarn, from La Force during the September massacres. As governess to the Royal children the position of the author was encompassed by perils. The *émeute* of the 20th of June, and the events of the 9th and 10th of August, 1792, are described with great picturesque force, while the circumstantial account of the flight from the Tuileries that ended in the arrest at Varennes is not less curious than trustworthy. In connexion with this adventurous flight it may here be noted that the editorial reference to Mme. Campan is in questionable taste, considering that Mme. de Tourzel shows herself to have been by no means willing to permit the least obscuration of her consistent loyalty and self-sacrifice. Very naturally and very eagerly she denies the insinuations of M. de Bouillé and M. Royou that by her obstinacy she deprived the King of the company of a certain officer whose experience might have averted the disaster at Varennes. The truth is the *dénouement* could not have been other than it was. The causes of failure are clearly to be traced to the King's characteristic delay at starting, and to the unfortunate bungling of the Duc de Choiseul and his agents. However this may be, it is hard to discover in the Memoirs of Mme. Campan anything that justifies the exaltation, by comparison, of the Duchess de Tourzel's well-proved heroism.

Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler—*India under British Rule* (Macmillan & Co.)—gives a synoptical view of Indian history since the establishment of the first British factories at Surat and Madras. Mr. Wheeler is an old hand at historical composition, and in this new book he goes over some well-beaten ground without affording any remarkable illumination on the subject. He is disposed to exaggerate the prevailing ignorance of the history of India, even as in a former work he wrote of the exploits of Olive as if no one read Macaulay. Forty pages of Mr. Wheeler's correspondence are devoted to the oft-told tale of the Mutiny, while the history of the last twenty-eight years, since the transfer of the government of India to the Crown, is dealt with in a bald and wholly inadequate summary.

The compilers of *The Politics of the Commons* (Catherine Street Publishing Association) need not fear that their labours have been rendered vain by the dissolution. Their work has acquired a novel utility and a value they never could have foreseen. By its aid every elector curious as to the antecedents of good Gladstonian candidates will be able to see at a glance how completely many of these gentlemen have swallowed the honest anti-Home Rule convictions they held and published last November. Let us take the county of York (pp. 266-275) as a sample. Here we find Messrs. Joseph Woodhead, Thomas Wayman, and F. T. Mappin explicitly declaring themselves supporters of the Union or opponents of a Dublin Parliament in November last, while Mr. Edward Crossley is virtuously indignant with the naughty Tories who encourage Mr. Parnell. As the Home Rule question was not before the electors in the autumn, these gentlemen must have possessed very warm convictions to have uttered them so gratuitously, and now all four have performed the great Midlothian trick. *The Politics of the Commons* should circulate far and wide, either as now published or in the more handy form of an abstract.

Australian Essays (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a volume of light literature devoted to a variety of subjects and dedicated to Mr. Matthew Arnold by the author, Mr. Francis W. L. Adams. Among the essays are two that contrast the salient aspects of civilization in Sydney and Melbourne with a good deal of cleverness. In "Dawnwards," an Australian dialogue, the criticism of life has more of smartness than insight, and the speakers are revealed with little dramatic power.

Mr. Edward Lester gives a stirring picture of the future of Ireland in *The Siege of Bodike* (Heywood). The author has skillfully woven the personal adventures of his hero into a thoroughly well-reasoned political forecast of the state of Ireland under Home Rule.

Dr. Aveling's *Fables* (Longmans & Co.) comprise some wholesome apologues related in good rhymed octosyllabics. It is true we could wish in some instances that the moral conclusions were more clear and more apposite; but the didactic form is generally consistently preserved, and the author's ingenuity has the persuasive air of nature. Many of these fables are merely new

settings of old themes, and in these Dr. Aveling shows greater facility and point than in others. Mr. James Herbert Morse's *Summer Haven Songs* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is one of the most agreeable of recent volumes of American verse, and repays investigation, if only for the pleasure of lighting on such graceful and ingenious poetry as "Some Old-fashioned Songs" and the pretty and piquant idyllic picture "A Fantasy."

"An Essay in Pedagogical Psychology" should be something formidable, though the somewhat cumbrous title accurately describes Dr. Radstock's *Habit and its Importance in Education*, translated from the German by Miss F. A. Caspari, of Baltimore (Boston: Heath). It may be reasonably assumed that all teachers are alive to the importance of encouraging good and correcting evil habits in their pupils, though to attain these ends they pursue very different systems of training. This is not very surprising, seeing how completely educational authorities differ on the subject, as Dr. Radstock's monograph successfully demonstrates.

The necessity of revising contributions to journals before collecting them in a volume is illustrated by Mr. Willmore Hooper's *Sketches from Academic Life* (Durham: Caldecleugh), on opening which at p. 27 we read:—"Something was said in these pages two years ago about the advisability of leaving men to take their chances in the process of education," and referring to the title-page we find the book is a reprint from the *Durham University Journal*. Various types of University men are sketched in these brief and chatty papers; the most successful, however, are not remarkable for incisiveness or vigour, though touched dexterously here and there.

Mr. J. W. Facey's *Practical House Decoration* (Crosby Lockwood & Co.) is thoroughly calculated to be of use to workmen whose gifts are superior to the average endowment of their class. A *Practical Manual of Wood Engraving*, by Mr. William Norman Brown (Crosby Lockwood & Co.), is too elementary to be of service to any but the youngest beginners.

We have received the second volume of the pretty and cheap edition of *Vanity Fair* (Smith, Elder, & Co.); the third edition of the *Mark Twain Birthday Book* (Remington & Co.); a new edition of Mr. F. A. Fawkes's *Horticultural Buildings* (Sonnen-schein); *Lyrics for the Crowd*, by W. H. Eeritt (Harrison); *Alexandra*, by Dick Severne (London Literary Society); *Wanted an Heir*, by Mrs. C. L. Pirakis (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *A Modern Orson*; and other Tales, by "Carleon" (Wyman & Sons), and the second volume of *The Industrial Self-Instructor* (Ward, Lock, & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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